FINAL

E-37

"THE EXORCIST"

Screenplay

By

William Peter Blatty

INTER-OFFICE MEMO

WARNER BROS. INC.

TO: *SEE BELOW FROM: CHARLES GREENLAW

SUBJECT: "THE EXORCIST"

DATE: DECEMBER 18, 1972 COPIES TO:

Enclosed is a copy of "The Exorcist" script including all changes made to date. This is the script which I asked for on my last trip to New York.

encl.
CFG:jc

Charles F. Greenlaw

*TED ASHLEY
JOHN CAILEY
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December 1972

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"THE EXORCIST"

APPENDIX

ADDITIONAL EXORCISM MATERIAL FOR USE BY MERRIN WHERE NEED (PROBABLY BEGINNING SCENE 227).

I adjure you, ancient serpent, by the judge of the living and the dead, by your Creator, by the Creator of the whole universe, by Him who has the power to consign you to hell, to depart forthwith in fear, along with your savage minions, from this servant of God, who seeks refuge in the fold of the Church. I adjure you again, not by my weakness, but by the might of the Holy Spirit, to depart from this servant of God, Regan Teresa MacNeil, whom almighty God has made in His image. Therefore, yield not to my own person but to the minister of Christ. For it is the power of Christ that compels you, who brought you low by His cross. Tremble before that mighty arm that broke asunder the dark prison walls and led souls forth to light. May the trembling that afflicts this human frame, the fear that afflicts this image of God, descend on you. Make no resistance nor delay in departing from this child. Do not think of despising my command because you know me to be a great sinner. It is God Himself who commands you; the majectic Christ who commands you. God the Father commands you; God the Son commands you; God the Holy Spirit commands you. The faith of the holy apostle Peter and Paul and of all the saints commands you. The blood of the martyrs commands you. The continence of all holy men and women command you. The saving mysteries of our Christian faith command you. Depart, then, transgressor. Depart, seducer, full of lies and cunning, foe of virtue, persecutor of the innocent. Give place, abominable creature, give way!

I adjure you, profligate dragon, in the name of the spotless Lamb, who has trodden down the asp and the basilisk, and overcome the lion and the dragon, to depart from this child, to depart from the Church of God. Tremble and flee, as we call on the name of the Lord, before whom the denizens of hell cower. The Word made flesh commands you; the Virgin's Son commands you; Jesus of Nazareth commands you, who forced you to flee in shameful defeat from a man; and when He had cast you out you did not even dare, except by His leave, to enter into a herd of swine. And now as I adjure you in His name, begone from this child who is His creature. It is futile to resist His will. The longer you delay, the heavier your punishment shall be; for it is not men you are despising, but rather Him who rules the living and the dead.

"THE EXORCIST"

FADE IN:

1. WARNER LOGO FOLLOWED BY MINIMAL OPENING TITLES DONE IN BLACK LETTERING ON WHITE BACKGROUND, WE THEN LOSE THE FINAL TITLE, RETAINING THE WHITE BACKGROUND WHICH QUICKLY GIVES WAY TO:

2. FULL SHOT BROILING NOON SUN

2A. EXT. EXCAVATION SITE NINEVAH DAWN **

An OLD MAN in khakis works at section of mound with excavating pick. (In b.g. there may be TWO KURDISH ASSISTANTS carefully packing the day's finds.) The old man now makes a find. He extracts it gingerly from the mound, begins to dust it off then reacts with dismay upon recognizing a green stone amulet in the figure of the demon Pazuzu.

3. CLOSE SHOT PERSPIRATION POURING DOWN OLD MAN'S BROW

4. CLOSE SHOT OLD MAN'S HANDS

Trembling, they reach across rude wooden table and cup themselves around a steaming glass of hot tea, as if for warmth.

5. CLOSE SHOT. OLD MAN'S FACE

The eyes staring off, haunted, as if by some chilling premonition -- and some frightening remembrance.

6. EXT. LONG SHOT ROADSIDE CHAYKHANA ERBIL AREA DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: NORTHERN IRAQ. The chaykhana (teahouse) is set among poppied, green hills and athwart a ragged, rock-strewn bolt of road. In the background, the beautiful mound-city of Erbil floats upward, scraping the cloud. The KURDISH PROPRIETOR is seen leaning in the Chaykhana doorway. He watches the only other character visible, the OLD MAN, who sits at an outdoor table, inexplicably cold beneath the fiery sun. Abstractedly, he sips at his tea. Nearby, parked off the road, an ancient jeep. LOSE SUPER. The Proprietor shuffles out, stands beside the Old Man, speaks to him in Kurdish indistinctly. The Old Man appears not to hear at first; then comes to, looks up at Kurd, shakes head mutely, and reaches into shirt pocket, removing coins to pay for his tea.

7. CLOSE SHOT COINS SLIPPED ONTO TABLE

8. CLOSE SHOT IGNITION KEY IN JEEP

The Old Man's hand reaches into FRAME, starts engine. The jeep takes off, disappearing down the road. The Kurd comes into FRAME, and we end CLOSE on him as he watches the jeep. Mirrored in his face are sadness; love; respect.

9. INT. ROOM IN MOSUL CURATOR OF ANTIQUITIES OFFICE DAY

The CAMERA is in motion, SLOWLY PANNING the tagged finds of a recent archeological dig now spread out in neat rows on a long table. The CAMERA STOPS finally at an Assyrian pendant as the CURATOR'S HAND reaches INTO FRAME, lifting tag on pendant so that the writing on it can be read by him. The only SOUND is the soft, regular TICKING of an old-fashioned pendulum CLOCK.

10. CLOSE SHOT LEDGER

containing entries of the finds. It is clearly headed (in the Curator's handwriting) "Nineveh Excavation: Merrin." On a fresh line of the entries, Curator's hand now writes: "Pendant, Assyrian; Palace of Assurbani -- " Here, the hand breaks off.

11. CLOSE SHOT ARAB CURATOR

He is seated at same table on which rest the finds and is looking up curiously from ledger at someone O.S.

12. CLOSE SHOT OLD MAN

He is standing over another section of the same table. He is staring down at something on it. O.S.

13. CLOSE SHOT AMULET ON TABLE

Tagged, it is the Pazuzu amulet.

14. CLOSE SHOT CURATOR

His gaze is now on the amulet. Softly:

CURATOR
Evil against evil.

15. INTERCUT OLD MAN AND CURATOR

The Old Man does not react, continuing to stare down at amulet, expression haunted. After a beat:

CURATOR:
Father?

(CONTINUED)

15. CONTD

We are on the Old Man now as, after several beats, the TICKING of the CLOCK abruptly ceases; and it is this sudden silence that, after a beat, unconsciously causes the Old Man to look up at the Curator, who is still staring at the Old Man. Still no response. Something is worrying the Curator, but he doesn't know what.

CURATOR: (ARABIC)
My heart has a wish: That you would not go, old friend.

OLD MAN: (ARABIC)
I have an errand.

16. AT CURATOR OLD MAN

They stand by open door to street, the Old Man leaving. Curator has hold of Old Man's hand in both of his. He is troubled, as if the Old Man's premonition has invaded him. The Old Man slowly looks up at Curator, searching his face with great affection. Then, with a squeeze of his hand:

OLD MAN:
Goodbye.

17. EXT. CURATOR'S OFFICE DAY

The Old Man exits, leaving FRAME as he steps into the gathering gloom of the streets of Mosul. The Curator watches him, great love in his expression as:

18. P.O.V. THE OLD MAN STREET OUTSIDE CURATOR'S OFFICE

The Old Man almost collides with a fast-moving droshky.

19. CLOSE MOVING SHOT DROSHKY'S SOLE PASSENGER

A corpulent, OLD ARAB WOMAN in black, her face a shadow behind the lace veil draped loosely over her like a shroud.

20. AT CURATOR

His expression darkening at this.

21. EXT. LONG SHOT MOSUL OUTSKIRTS NINEVEH EXCAVATION DUSK

The Old Man is slowly and warily walking amid the ruins of a former temple area.

22. OLD MAN'S P.O.V.

An Arab watchman approaches, rifle at the ready; but then stops and waves as he recognizes the Old Man.

23. MOVING SHOT

as the Old Man slowly resumes his walk with the manner of someone sifting vibrations. He is like one looking for something, yet is afraid that he will find it. At last, upon seeing something O.S., he freezes.

24. P.O.V. FULL SHOT STATUE OF DEMON PAZUZU IN SITU

25. AT OLD MAN

This is it. He lowers head, closing eyes against a dread confirmation of his premonition. A SHADOW of the statue lengthens and creeps onto Old Man's face as in the distance we HEAR the DIM YAPPINGS of SAVAGE DOG PACKS.

26. ANGLE AT SHADOWS QUICKENING ACROSS THE DESERT

Still the DOGS, yelping and howling distantly. A breeze rises up, blowing dust and sand ACROSS THE FRAME.

27. AT OLD MAN

He slowly lifts his head, his gaze on the O.S. statue of Pazuzu. But in his expression now is acceptance and grim determination. The shadow on his face has grown longer and the breeze is whipping gently at his shirt.

28. OLD MAN'S P.O.V. STATUE OF PAZUZU

29. HIGH DOWN SHOT TEMPLE AREA STATUE OLD MAN

They stand motionless like two ancient enemies squared off in a massive arena.

30. ANGLE AT SETTING SUN

It sinks into darkness. The dog packs.

31. EXT. SUNRISE SHOT WASHINGTON, D.C.

The SOUND of savage dogs gives way to DISTANT SOUNDS of friendly neighborhood dogs; children's voices; a city waking up.

32. SERIES OF MOVING SHOTS GEORGETOWN AREA DAWN

Below us, the Potomac River; the Gothic spires and wooded walks of Georgetown University; a PRIEST or two walking,

(CONTINUED)

32. CONTD

saying their Office; and then we are on Prospect Street slowly approaching a house that sits beside a flight of steep, stone steps plunging precipitately down to "M" Street below. An upstairs bedroom light is burning.

33. INT. CHRIS MACNEIL'S BEDROOM DAWN

CHRIS is sitting up in bed. Her lips move silently as she studies lines from a film script. We HEAR light O.S. RAPPING SOUNDS, irregular, yet rhythmically clustered. They sound like alien code tapped out by a dead man. Chris HEARS them, listens for a moment, then tries to ignore them, but she c nnot concentrate. She irritably slams script down and bounces out of bed. She EXITS into:

34. SECOND FLOOR HALL MACNEIL HOUSE DAWN

The RAPPINGS are louder. Chris listens for source of sound; locates it; throws open door to Regan's bedroom.

35. INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM AT DOOR CHRIS DAWN

The RAPPINGS have abruptly ceased. Chris looks baffled.

36. P.O.V. THE ROOM CAMERA SHIFTING

to follow Chris' scrutiny. It is a typical child's bedroom. A large bay window with shutters overlooks the steps outside the house. REGAN is asleep, her blankets kicked off and askew. Chris moves to bedside. Heavy breathing, regular and deep. Chris considers; then abruptly notices goose pimples on her arms. She rubs at them, shivering as if at an icy coldness. She touches the nearby radiator. Hot. She looks at Regan, frowning in perplexity, for Regan's brow is wet with perspiration. Chris squints her eyes in consternation; looks back at her goose pimples. Now she hears SOUNDS from above, like tiny claws scratching at the edge of a galaxy. She looks up at ceiling. The SCRAPINGS cease. Chris keeps staring a moment, then looks down. She leans over, adjusts Regan's pillow, then examines her features with warmth.

CHRIS:
(whisper)
I sure do love you.

Car lights reflect on ceiling of darkened room.

37. INT. MACNEIL HOUSE KITCHEN CLOSE AT BACON FRYING DAY

CHRIS:
(o.s.)
Hi, Willie. Howya doin'?

38. FULL SHOT KITCHEN CHRIS WILLIE

WILLIE, a middle-aged housekeeper, is at stove. Sleepy-eyed Chris, in bathrobe and carrying script, is entering. Willie hastily puts down fork, wiping hands on dish towel as:

WILLIE:
(German accent)
Oh, Mrs. MacNeil! Good morning!

As Willie moves for coffee pot, Chris is ahead of her.

CHRIS:
Never mind, Will, I'll get it.

She drops a pack of cigarettes and matches beside her cup and sits. Crusty-eyed, she picks up copy of Washington Post by plate and stares at it fuddled until she realizes it is upside down. She turns it right-side up. A man enters: KARL. Willie's husband. Very Teutonic. He is carrying a Sparklett's bottle to mount on cooler in exchange for the empty.

KARL:
Good morning, Madam.

CHRIS:
(lights cigarette)
Mornin'. Hey, Karl, we've got rats in the attic. Better get us some traps.

KARL:
There are rats?

CHRIS:
I just said that.

KARL:
But the attic is clean.

CHRIS:
Well, okay, we've got clean rats.

KARL:
No rats.

(CONTINUED)

38. CONTD

CHRIS:
Karl, I heard them this morning!

KARL:
Maybe plumbing. Maybe boards.

CHRIS:
Maybe rats! Now will you buy the damn traps and quit arguing?

KARL:
(leaving quickly)
Yes. I go now.

CHRIS:
No, not now, Karl! The stores are all closed.

KARL:
I will see.

CHRIS:
Karl -- !

He is gone. Chris and Willie exchange exasperated glances, and then we HEAR FRONT DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE, o.s. With a sigh, Willie turns back to bacon, shaking her head.

WILLIE:
They are closed.

39. EXT. CAMPUS OF GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY DAY

A film is being shot in front of steps of Healy Building. The usual equipment, cast and crew are in evidence, as well as spectators made up of faculty and students. Chris, in jeans and sweatshirt, and indicating page in her script (titled "CRASH COURSE"), calls her director, elfin British BURKE DENNINGS. He has been drinking. Swigging from a paper cup, he looks over as, argumentatively:

CHRIS:
Hey, Burke? Take a look at damned thing, will ya?

DENNINGS:
Oh, how marvelous! You do have a script, I see!
(he surgically shaves a narrow strip from edge of page of her script)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

39. CONTD

DENNINGS: (Contd)
Yes, how nice! I believe I'll just have a little fiddle.

As they continue, Burke will nervously fiddle with the paper. In the meantime:

CHRIS:
Burke --

DENNINGS:
Yes, I'm terribly glad that the star has a script. Now then, tell me my baby: What is it? What's wrong?

CHRIS:
(indicating script)
It just doesn't make sense.

DENNINGS:
(lying)
Why, it's perfectly plain. You're a teacher at the college and you don't want the building torn down and --

CHRIS:
Oh, well, Jesus, Burke; thanks; I can read.

DENNINGS:
Then what's wrong?

CHRIS:
Why the hell should they tear down the building?

DENNINGS:
Are you sending me up?

CHRIS:
No, I'm asking 'what for?'

DENNINGS:
Because it's there!

CHRIS:
In the script?

DENNINGS:
(suppressing drunken giggle)
On the grounds!

(CONTINUED)

39. CONTD (1)

CHRIS:
Well, it doesn't make sense. They wouldn't do that.

DENNINGS:
They would!

CHRIS:
No, they wouldn't!

DENNING:
Shall we summon the writer? I believe he's in Paris!

CHRIS:
Hiding?

DENNINGS:
Fucking! Now then, shall we get on with it?

Chris stares momentarily, then sags onto Burke spurting laughter. Then she looks worriedly toward a PRIEST (KARRAS) O.S. among the spectators, afraid he's heard obscenity. And now we CUT TO Karras and see that he is smiling slightly but warmly. The ANGLE then RETURNS to Chris, Burke and the A.D.

DENNINGS:
I said, "Shall we get on with it?"

CHRIS:
Huh? Yeah, okay, Burke. Let's go.

DENNINGS:
(at A.D.)
All right, lights, love.

ASST. DIRECTOR
Let's warm 'em!

DENNINGS:
(to A.D.)
Now the extras should be ...

And we HEAR the AD LIB continuation O.S. a bit as CAMERA now FOLLOWS Chris as she walks, head down, concentrating while crew sets up. Then she looks over toward Karras. He's gone. She sees him walking slowly away toward the campus gates like a lone black cloud in search of the rain. Dennings comes to Chris.

(CONTINUED)

39. CONTD (2)

CHRIS:
Are you ready, ducks?

CHRIS:
Do it.

DENNINGS:
Roll the film.

ASST. DIRECTOR:
Okay, roll 'em.

TECHNICIAN:
Speed.

DENNINGS:
Action!

While extras cheer and boo at her approach, Chris races up Healy Steps and seizes bullhorn from REBEL STUDENT LEADER. There is pushing and shoving. POLICE are on the scene.

CHRIS:
(through bullhorn)
Okay, now, hold it! Hold it a second!
(as the commotion continues)
Hey, give me a chance, will 'ya, huh? Just a minute?

We see now that various of the student factions are holding up signs and banners. Some read: "KEEP CLASSES OPEN", "FREE LOGIC!", "SHUT DOWN!", "CLOSE THE SCHOOL " and "BURN IT!? Still other placards are blank. Many of the students in one sector are affecting shrouds and death masks. As the commotion diminishes:

CHRIS:
Look, we're all concerned with human rights, but the kids who pay tuition have also got a right, the right to learn, and shutting those kids out of class solves nothing. It's answering one kind of tyranny with another, one kind of cruelty with another.

Commotion. At some point during the above speech, we will hear Chris O.S. while the CAMERA GOES to Dennings

(CONTINUED)

39. CONTD

as the director turns a significant and imperious gaze to the A.D., who dutifully pads over to him and proffers his open script like an aging altar boy the missal to his priest at solemn Mass. Burke begins to slice off a strip of page.

40. EXT. "O" STREET CHRIS AT CAMPUS MAIN GATE DAY

It has clouded over, threatening rain. Chris, wearing raincoat, sends limo driver home.

CHRIS:
I feel like walking, Tommy. Thanks.

He nods. She starts to walk home, thoughtful and weary. As she walks by Holy Trinity Auditorium, a YOUNG PRIEST in nylon windbreaker passes her. Tense. He takes a right into an easement leading into a courtyard back of church. Chris pauses by easement, watching him; curious. He heads for white frame cottage from which an OLDER PRIEST emerges looking glum and nervous. He nods curtly toward the Younger Priest, and with lowered eyes heads for door to back of church. Again, cottage door opens from within and Karras appears. He silently greets the Younger Priest, putting his arm around his shoulder as he leads him inside, a gesture that is gentle and somehow parental. Door closes and they are gone. Chris is pensive, puzzled by the scene. A RUMBLE OF THUNDER. She looks up at the sky, tugging up raincoat collar.

40A. EXT. MACNEIL HOUSE CHRIS ENTERS DUSK

41 INT. MACNEIL HOUSE KITCHEN DUSK
42.

We open on SHARON SPENCER, a pretty young blonde and Chris' secretary (and nurse to Regan) sitting at breakfast table, typing. Stack of mail and messages. We HEAR front door close; FOOTSTEPS approaching. Chris enters, weary.

SHARON:
(continuing to type)
Hi, Chris. How'd it go?

CHRIS:
Oh, well, it was kind of like the Walt Disney version of the Ho Chi Minh story, but other than that it was really terrific.

Chris has come to table, stands leafing through mail and messages. Sharon continues to type through:

(CONTINUED)

41- CONTD
42.

CHRIS:
Anything exciting?

SHARON:
Do you want to have dinner next week at the White House?

CHRIS:
Are you kidding?

SHARON:
No, of course not; it's Thursday.

CHRIS:
Big party?

SHARON:
No, I gather it's just five or six people.

CHRIS:
(back to table, sifting mail and messages)
No kidding? Where's Rags?

SHARON
Oh, she's down in the playroom.

CHRIS:
What doin'?

SHARON:
She's sculpting. She's making you a bird.

CHRIS:
How'd the lesson go?

SHARON:
(frowning)
Bad time with math again.

CHRIS:
Oh? Gee, that's funny.

SHARON:
I know. It's her favorite subject.

CHRIS
Oh, well, this "new math." Christ, I couldn't make change for the bus if --

(CONTINUED)

41-
42. CONTD (1)

She is interrupted by the bounding entrance of REGAN, her 11-year-old daughter. Freckles. Ponytails. Braces on teeth. Arms outstretched, she is racing for her mother.

REGAN:
Hi, Mom!

She is in SCENE now as Chris catches her in a bear hug. Sharon resumes her typing.

CHRIS:
Hiya, bearface!

Chris covers her with smacking kisses. Then, rocking her back and forth:

CHRIS:
What 'djya do today? Anything exciting?

REGAN:
Oh, stuff.

CHRIS:
So, what kind of stuff?

REGAN
Oh, well, I studied, and I painted.

CHRIS:
Wha'djya paint?

REGAN:
Oh, well, flowers. Ya' know, daisies? An' -- Oh! Mother! This horse!
(excited; eyes widening)
This man had a horse, ya know, down by the river? We were talking, see, Mom, and then along came this horse! He was beautiful! Oh, Mom, ya should've seen him, and the man let me sit on him! Really! I mean, practically a minute! It was a gray horse! Mother, can't we get a horse? I mean could we?

CHRIS:
We'll see, baby.

(CONTINUED)

41- CONTD (2)
42.

REGAN:
Gee, Mom, I'm starving.

CHRIS:
Run upstairs and get dressed and we'll go out for some pizza.

She races upstairs.

REGAN:
Can I wear my new dress?

CHRIS:
Honey, sure.
(at Sharon)
Got a date?

SHARON:
Yes, I do.

CHRIS:
You go on, then.
(indicating mail)
We can catch all this stuff in the morning.

Sharon rises, but Chris abruptly recollects something.

CHRIS:
Oh, hey, wait. There's a letter got to go out tonight.

SHARON:
(reaching for dictation pad)
Oh, okay.

Chris starts to dictate:

CHRIS:
Dear Mr. Gable ...

Sharon reacts, amused; then Chris dictates in earnest: a letter to her agent. As she gets into it:

REGAN:
(o.s.)
Moth-theeeeeerrrr! I can't find the dress!

(CONTINUED)

41- CONTD (3)
42.

CHRIS:
(starting out)
Shar, wait'll I come down.

SHARON;
(eyeing watch)
Gee, it's time for me to meditate, Chris.

CHRIS:
(after a beat;
muted exasperation)
You really think that kind of stuff if going to do you any good?

SHARON:
Well, it gives me peace of mind.

CHRIS:
(after a long beat)
Right.

She turns away and starts to exit.

CHRIS:
Correct. Terrific.

43. INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY MACNEIL HOUSE DUSK

Chris heads for Regan's bedroom and enters.

44. INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM DUSK

The scene is odd: Regan is standing in the middle of the room, silently staring up at the ceiling, frowning.

CHRIS:
What's doin'?

REGAN:
Funny noises.

CHRIS:
(moving to clothes closet and searching for dress)
I know. We've got friends.

REGAN:
Huh?

44. CONTD

CHRIS:
Squirrels, honey. Squirrels in the attic.

Regan looks unconvinced. She looks up at ceiling again; then moves over to watch her mother's search for the dress which now ends in apparent failure.

REGAN:
See, Mom? It's not there.

CHRIS:
Yeah, I see. Maybe Willie picked it up with the cleaning.

REGAN:
It's gone.

CHRIS:
(taking a dress off rack)
Yeah, well put on the navy. It's pretty.

45. EXT. "C & O" CANAL DUSK

Karras and the Georgetown University President (TOM) are walking.

KARRAS:
It's my mother. She's alone, Tom. I never should've left her. At least in New York I'd be close. I could see her.

TOM:
I could see about a transfer.

KARRAS:
I need reassignment. Get me out of this job, Tom; it's wrong. It's no good.

TOM:
Are you kidding? You're the best that we've got.

They stop.

KARRAS:
Am I really? It's more than psychiatry, Tom, and you know that. Some of their problems come down to vocation, to the
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

45. CONTD

KARRAS: (Contd)
meaning of their lives, and I just can't cut it, Tom. It's too much. I need out. I'm unfit.

After a pause.

KARRAS:
I think I've lost my faith.

46. OMITTED

47. INT. BASEMENT PLAYROOM OF MACNEIL HOUSE EARLY EVENING

Chris is coming down, calling to Regan.

CHRIS:
Whatchya doin' down there?

REGAN:
Come on down, Mom; I've got a surprise.

CHRIS:
Oh, great.

Regan is standing by a games table in basement made over as playroom, and hands her a sculpted clay "worry bird" with a comically long painted nose. Chris oohs and ahhs.

REGAN:
Do you like it?

CHRIS:
Oh, honey, I do, I really do. Got a name for it?

REGAN:
Uh-uh.

CHRIS:
What's a good one?

REGAN:
(shrugging)
I dunno.

CHRIS:
(pondering)
Let me see, let me see. I don't know. Whaddya think? Whaddya
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

47. CONTD (1)

CHRIS: (Contd)
think about 'Dumbbird?' Huh?
Just 'Dumbbird.'

Regan is snickering, nodding; hand to mouth to hide the braces.

CHRIS:
'Dumbbird' by a landslide! Super!
(setting bird on table)
Here, I'll leave it here to dry for a ...

She has noticed an Ouija Board and planchette on table.

CHRIS:
Hey, where'd you get the Ouija Board?

REGAN:
(indicating)
I found it.

CHRIS:
Found it where?

REGAN:
(indicating)
In that closet.

CHRIS:
You been playin' with it?

REGAN:
Yep.

CHRIS:
(surprised)
You know how?

REGAN:
(moving to sit by board)
Oh, well, sure. Here, I'll show you.

CHRIS:
Well, I think you need <u>two</u> people, honey.

(CONTINUED)

47. CONTD (2)

REGAN:
No, ya don't, Mom. I do it all the time.

CHRIS:
(pulling up chair opposite)
Oh, you do? Well, let's both play, okay?

REGAN:
Well -- okay.

Regan has her fingertips positioned on the planchette, and as Chris reaches out to put hers there, planchette makes sudden, forceful move to the "NO" position on board.

CHRIS:
You don't want me to play?

REGAN:
No, I do! Captain Howdy said "No."

CHRIS:
Captain who?

REGAN:
Captain Howdy.

CHRIS:
Honey, who's Captain Howdy?

REGAN:
Oh, ya know. I make questions and he does the answers.

CHRIS:
That's so?

REGAN:
Oh, he's nice.

CHRIS:
Oh, well, sure; he's terrific.

REGAN:
Here, I'll show you.

Regan stares at board, eyes drawn tight in concentration.

(CONTINUED)

47. CONTD (3)

REGAN:
Captain Howdy, do you think my mom is pretty?

Seconds tick by. Nothing happening. Chris turns head at an odd, o.s. CREAKING SOUND from closet area. She holds the look for a moment, then looks back at board. Another few beats of silence. Then:

REGAN:
Captain Howdy?
(no response)
Captain Howdy, that's really not very polite.

CHRIS:
Honey, maybe he's sleeping.

REGAN:
(muttering)
Let him sleep on his own time.

48. INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM NIGHT

Regan in bed. Chris finishing tucking her in. Sits on bed.

CHRIS:
Honey, Sunday's your birthday. Want to do somethin'?

REGAN:
What?

CHRIS:
Oh, well, I don't know. Somethin'. You want to go see the sights?

REGAN:
Oh, yeah, Mom!

CHRIS:
And tomorrow night a movie! How's that?

REGAN:
(a hug)
Oh, I love you!

CHRIS:
Oh, Rags, honey, I love you.

REGAN:
You can bring Mr. Dennings if you like.

(CONTINUED)

48. CONTD

CHRIS:
Mr. Dennings?

REGAN:
Well, I mean, it's okay.

CHRIS:
(chuckling)
No, it isn't okay. Honey, why would I want to bring Burke?

REGAN:
Well, you like him.

CHRIS:
Oh, well, sure I like him, honey. Don't you?
(no response)
Baby, what's going on?

REGAN:
(a sullen statement)
You're going to marry him, Mommy, aren't you?

CHRIS:
(amused)
Oh, my baby, of course not! What on earth are you talking about? Burke Dennings? Where's you get that idea?

REGAN:
But you like him.

CHRIS:
I like pizzas but I wouldn't ever marry one! Honey, he's a friend, just a crazy old friend!

REGAN:
You don't like him like Daddy?

CHRIS:
Rags, I love your daddy. I'll always love your daddy. Mr. Dennings comes by here a lot 'cause he's lonely, that's all; he's a friend.

REGAN:
Well, I heard ...

48. CONTD (1)

CHRIS:
You heard what? Heard from who?

REGAN:
I don't know. I just thought.

CHRIS:
Well, it's silly, so forget it.

REGAN:
Okay.

49. INT. MACNEIL HOUSE STUDY AT CHRIS NIGHT

Stretched out on rug in front of fire, studying script. Turns a page. Regan, half asleep, enters.

CHRIS:
Hi, honey. What's wrong?

REGAN:
There's these real funny noises, Mom. It's like knocking. I can't go to sleep.

CHRIS:
(struggling up)
Oh, where the heck are those traps!

REGAN:
Huh?

Chris takes her hand, leading her out of study.

CHRIS:
Oh, nothing, hon. Come on. You can sleep in my bedroom and I'll see what it is.

50. INT. CHRIS'S BEDROOM NIGHT

She is tucking Regan into her (Chris's) bed.

REGAN:
Can I watch TV for a while till I sleep?

CHRIS:
Where's your book?

REGAN:
I can't find it. Can I watch?

(CONTINUED)

50. CONTD

CHRIS:
(turning on bedside TV)
Sure, okay.
(tunes volume control)
Loud enough?

REGAN:
Yes.

CHRIS:
(exiting; turning out light)
Try to sleep.

51. EXT. MACNEIL HOUSE FULL SHOT NIGHT

In an upper floor gabled window we SEE candlelight glow.

52. INT. MACNEIL HOUSE DOWN SHOT NIGHT

at Chris as she climbs narrow steps to attic with candle.

53. INT. ATTIC AT DOOR NIGHT

Door is pushed slowly open. Chris ENTERS, tries the light switch. It doesn't work. She looks about the attic searching for something while slowly advancing at CAMERA when the candle flame suddenly and astoundingly disengages from the candle and shoots up to the ceiling and is extinguished. Behind Chris, having come upstairs, looms KARL. Coming up silently behind Chris:

KARL:
There is nothing.

On the "Nothing," Chris leaps three feet out of her skin and emits a YELP of startled fright, spinning around and practically into Karl's arms. A hand to her fluttering heart:

CHRIS:
Oh, good Jesus! Oh, jesus h. christ, Karl, don't do that!

KARL"
Very sorry. But you see? No rats.

CHRIS:
Yeah, no rats. Thanks a lot, Karl. Terrific.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTD

KARL:
(exiting)
Madam, maybe cat better.

CHRIS:
What?

KARL:
Maybe cat better -- to catch rats.

He EXITS. Chris stares a moment, then releases a sigh of weariness and relief.

54. EXT. MACNEIL HOUSE NIGHT

Bedroom light is turned off. All is peaceful.

55. EXT. MONTAGE CHRIS AND REGAN SIGHTSEEING IN D.C.
DAY MEMORIAL DRIVE AND LEE MANSION

GIVING WAY TO:

56. CHRIS AND REGAN AT TOMB OF UNKNOWN SOLDIER

They stare mutely. Regan has turned sad. After a few beats:

REGAN:
Mom, why do people have to die?

Chris looks at her. She doesn't know how to answer. Finally:

CHRIS:
(tenderly)
Honey, people get tired.

REGAN:
Why does God let them?

CHRIS:
(frowning; a few beats)
Who's been telling you about God, baby?

REGAN:
Sharon.

CHRIS:
Oh.

(CONTINUED)

25. CONTD

REGAN:
Mom, why does God <u>let</u> us get tired?

CHRIS:
(after a beat)
Well, after awhile, God gets lonesome for us, Rags. He wants us back.

57. INT. CHRIS MACNEIL'S BEDROOM NIGHT

Chris is pacing with phone receiver to ear, waiting, and meantime is talking to Sharon, who is seated on edge of bed, scribbling shorthand in steno pad.

CHRIS:
And get hold of that real estate agent and tell him we're staying till June. I want Rags to finish up the semester at school. And then --
(halfs to talk into phone)
Yeah, yeah, I'm here. Yes, I'm waiting ...
(mouthpiece down; to Sharon)
Good Christ, do you believe it?

58. INT. MACNEIL HOUSE SECOND FLOOR HALL NIGHT

Despondent, Regan stands head down, hand on doorknob to her bedroom, listening to:

CHRIS:
(o.s.)
Doesn't send a card or call his daughter on her birthday?

SHARON:
(o.s.)
Well, the circuits might be busy.

CHRIS:
(o.s.)
My ass, he just doesn't <u>give</u> a shit! He's just --

Regan sadly enters her room as:

CHRIS:
(o.s.; phone)
<u>Yes</u>, goddamit, I'm <u>waiting</u>!

59. INT. CHRIS'S BEDROOM NIGHT

CHRIS:
(pacing; muttering to self)
The whole fucking world is still waiting for the sunrise.

60. OMITTED.

61. INT. CHRIS'S BEDROOM DAWN

We are on Chris in bed as phone rings. She answers. Wake-up call from the A.D. Hangs up; gets out of bed; discovers Regan is in bed with her, half awake.

CHRIS:
Well, what in the -- !
(amused)
What are you doing here?

REGAN:
My bed was shaking.

CHRIS:
Oh, you nut.
(kisses her and pulls up her covers)
Go back to sleep.

62. EXT. HOUSE NIGHT TO DAY TRANSITION
FOLLOW NEWSPAPER BOY ON BIKE TO HOLY TRINITY

63. INT. HOLY TRINITY CHURCH AT REAR SIDE DOOR DAWN

We HEAR key in door from other side. The PASTOR of Holy Trinity sluggishly enters, sets door stop to hold door open, turns on church lights, blows nose into handkerchief as he absently shuffles along; then genuflects at altar railing. He blesses himself, says a silent prayer, and as he looks up and starts to bless himself he reacts with startlement and then shock as he sees before him:

64. P.O.V. STATUE OF BLESSED VIRGIN AT SIDE ALTAR

It has been desecrated, painted over to suggest that the Virgin is a harlot. A slatternly, dissolute appearance. And glued to the appropriate spot is a sculpted clay phallus in erection.

65. INT. NEW YORK SUBWAY STATION

Silence, except for low RUMBLE of distant train. Points of light stretch down the darkness of the tunnel like guides to hopelessness.

66. ANGLE AT PLATFORM MAN

The station appears to be deserted. The MAN stands close to the edge of the near platform. Black coat, hat and trousers. Powerfully built. He carries a valise resembling a doctor's medical bag, and stands with his back to us, head down, as if in dejection. Near him, a vending machine on a pillar.

66A. WIDE ANGLE PLATFORM

DERELICT:
Faddah.

An old DERELICT lies drunk, his back against station wall.

DERELICK:
Hey, Faddah! Couldja help an old altar boy, Faddah? I'm Cat'lic.

The Man looks up with dismay, disclosing the round Roman collar at the neck, and the face of Damien Karras, now filled with an even deeper pain than when we met him. He shuts his eyes against this intrusion and clutches at his coat lapels, pulling them together as if to hide the collar. The train SOUND is UP FULL NOW, and in ANOTHER ANGLE the TRAIN rushes across FRAME, blocking our view of Karras and the Derelict.

67. EXT. HIGH SHOT EAST 21ST STREET IN N.Y.C. DAY

Between 1st and 2nd Avenues. Karras walks despondently along the south side of the street, which is studded with decrepit tenement buildings. He pauses before one and with melancholy sees his past in the raggedly clothed, grime-covered, foul-mouthed urchins pitching pennies against the stoop. Karras looks up at front door. He starts up the steps.

68. INT. HALL KARRAS OUTSIDE MOTHER'S APARTMENT DOOR

CUTTING, we find the CAMERA stationed by an apartment front door, trained on Karras mounting steps at far end of hall. He approaches and lightly raps. From within we HEAR faint SOUND of a RADIO tuned to news station. Karras waits a moment, then digs out a key from pants pocket, opens door like an aching wound, and enters.

69. INT. TENEMENT APARTMENT DAY

The RADIO now more audible. We are in a railroad flat kitchen. Tiny. Cracking plaster and peeling wallpaper. Unkempt. Sparse and ancient furnishings. In the

(CONTINUED)

69. CONTD

kitchen, a small tub for bathing. Faded old newspapers spread on the uncarpeted floor. As Karras enters, he breathes in an aching sigh as his gaze brushes around at the painful reminders of his past. Then he glances to right, from which we HEAR SOUND of RADIO. He puts down valise and starts into bedroom.

KARRAS:
Mama?

No response. CAMERA FOLLOWS him into squalid living room. Karras now sees his MOTHER, fully dressed, sleeping on a torn and grease-stained old sofa. On her right cheek, a prominent mole. He observes her for a moment; sighs as he removes raincoat.

As he drapes it over a chair, his mother awakens with a slight start; sees him; reacts with surprise and joy. Speaking with a thick Mediterranean accent:

MOTHER:
Dimmy!

She hastily gets to feet and throws arms around Karras.

MOTHER:
Oh, Dimmy, I so glad to see you!

70. INT. KARRAS' MOTHER'S KITCHEN DAY

We HEAR radio still tuned to news. Karras and mother sit at tiny table in kitchen. Karras sips at coffee. His mother drinks in his presence as:

MOTHER:
Dimmy, you thin. You not eating.
(rising)
I fix for you.

KARRAS:
No, Mom.

MOTHER:
I fix.

CUT TO:

71. KARRAS AND MOTHER

at table. Karras eating.

(CONTINUED)

71. CONTD

KARRAS:
Really great, Mom! Just great!

MOTHER:
You Uncle John come by to visit me.

KARRAS:
(pleased)
Oh really, Ma? When?

MOTHER:
Last month.

Karras looks saddened.

72. OMITTED

73 INT. MOTHER'S LIVING ROOM NIGHT

Mother (wearing holy medal) sits on sofa, watching as Karras repairs a broken lamp. The room has been tidied up a little. In the scene we SEE a broom, a small plastic refuse container and a dilapidated carpet sweeper. Silence. Then:

MOTHER:
Dimmy, you worry about something?

KARRAS:
No, Mama.

MOTHER:
You not happy. What's the matter, Dimmy?

KARRAS:
Nothing, Mama. Really. I'm fine.

A pause. Then:

MOTHER:
(o.s.)
I wish you was marry Mary McArdle.

74. CLOSE SHOT MOTHER

silently watching; thinking.

75. ANOTHER ANGLE (TIME PASSAGE)

Karras is entering living room, pulling on raincoat. He has valise. He comes to Mother and observes her sadly for a moment. Regret. He leans over and kisses her cheek tenderly. He starts to leave, remembers something, tunes radio to all-news station.

76. EXT. FORDHAM UNIVERSITY (ESTABLISHING) DAWN

77. INT. SMALL CHAPEL JESUIT RESIDENCE HALL DAWN

Karras wears trousers and T-shirt. He vests and prepares for mass, and then steps back facing altar, blesses himself, and begins:

KARRAS:
(with poignant longing)
'I will go to the Altar of God,
Unto God who gives joy to my youth.'

78. INT. HALL OF BELLEVUE HOSPITAL DAY

The CAMERA is fixed at one end of the hall, and Karras and his UNCLE are approaching from far down the opposite end; however, their dialogue is clearly audible at all times, and their voices metalically reverberent. Karras has his head down, sorrowful and dismayed, as he listens to the Uncle, who speaks with a thick, immigrant accent. Karras is ruefully shaking his head, and the UNCLE is gesturing helplessly, defensively, as:

UNCLE:
But, Dimmy, da edema affected her brain! You understand? She don't let any doctor come near her! She was all da time screamin', even talkin' to da radio! Listen, regular hospital not gonna put up wit' dat, Dimmy! Un'erstan? So we give her a shot an' bring her here 'til da doctors, day fix up her leg! Den we take her right out, Dimmy. Two or t'ree month, and she's out, good as new.

79. ANOTHER ANGLE

Karras and his Uncle have halted outside locked door above which is posted the legend: NEURO-PSYCHIATRIC: WARD 3, and Uncle pushes BUZZER to summon Nurse.

(CONTINUED)

79. CONTD

UNCLE:
You go in, Dimmy. I wait out here.

Karras nods. Now the uncle has head down in ironic thought.

UNCLE:
Dat's funny. You know, if you wasn't be priest, you be famous psychiatrist now on Park Avenue, Dimmy. Your mother, she be livin' in a penthouse instead of da --

80. INT. WARD 3 AT PADDED ENTRY DOOR

as a corpulent NURSE waddles INTO FRAME and uses large iron key to unlock door. O.S., we HEAR the demented SCREAMS, MOANS and FRAGMENTED STATEMENTS of MENTAL PATIENTS. The door comes open, disclosing Karras and Uncle. Karras slowly lifts head at the O.S. SOUNDS.

81. INT. WARD 3 INVALIDED PATIENTS' ROOM

Karras walks down aisle of an enormous ward containing eighty beds. The PATIENTS are mostly elderly, and we HEAR their CRIES of PAIN and DEMENTED CHATTER. Karras stops before a bedded patient far down the row: Karras' MOTHER. Gaunt and hollow-eyed, looking confused and helpless; disoriented; she has spied her son and is gripping at sidebars of bed, trying to raise herself as CAMERA now moves forward again, trained on mother. By the time Karras halts by her, his mother, looking frightened and pathetic, eyes wide with pleading, has raised herself up, pulling weakly, hands trembling.

MOTHER
Why you do dis, Dimmy? Why?

82. INT. BELLEVUE HALL KARRAS AND UNCLE WALKING

Behind them, WARD 3 entry door. Karras is fumbling for his cigarette pack. His eyes are wet with tears.

KARRAS:
Couldn't you have put her someplace else?

UNCLE:
Like what? Private hospital? Who got the money for dat, Dimmy? You?

a-82. INT. GYM **

Karras in boxer shorts and shirt works savagely at a punching bag of the man-sized, stuffed variety. Eyes wet with tears, he slams at the bag with a mixture of sorrow, rage and frustration.

82A. INT. DR. KLEIN'S OFFICE BUILDING ROSSLYN DAY

Chris sits in reception room. A few other MOTHERS and CHILDREN are present.

83. INT. DR. KLEIN'S EXAMINING ROOM

BRIEF MONTAGE OF SHOTS

Klein administering physical to Regan. Should include ophthalmoscope, tuning fork and simple coordination test. Also blood sample in centrifograph, and urine sample under microscope. FINAL SHOT has a NURSE leaning with her back against examining table, her expression partly puzzled, partly disturbed as she observes Regan, who is in her slip and in constant motion; stepping, twirling, touching, making nervous movements while aimlessly humming. Klein is not present.

84. INT. DR. KLEIN'S OFFICE DAY

Chris is seated on edge of chair. Klein is back of desk, writing a prescription.

KLEIN:
A disorder of the nerves. At least we think it is. We don't know yet exactly how it works, but it's often seen in early adolescence. She shows all the symptoms: the hyperactivity; the temper; her performance in math.

CHRIS:
Yeah, the math. Why the math?

KLEIN:
It affects concentration.
(he rips the prescription from the small blue pad and hands it over)
Now this is for Ritalin. Ten milligrams a day.

CHRIS:
(eyes prescription)
What is it? A tranquilizer?

(CONTINUED)

84. CONTD

KLEIN:
A stimulant.

CHRIS:
Stimulant? She's higher'n a kite right now!

KLEIN:
Her condition isn't quite what it seems. Nobody knows the cause of hyperkinetic behavior in a child. The Ritalin seems to work to relieve the condition, but we really don't know how or why, frankly. Your daughter's symptoms could be an overreaction to depression -- but that's out of my field.

CHRIS:
Depression?

KLEIN:
Well, you mentioned her father ... the separation.

CHRIS:
Do you think I should take her to see a psychiatrist?

KLEIN:
Oh, no. I'd wait and see what happens with the Ritalin. I think that's the answer. Wait two or three weeks.

CHRIS:
And those lies she's been telling?

KLEIN:
Lies?

CHRIS:
Ya know, those things to get attention, like saying that her bed shakes and stuff.

KLEIN:
Have you ever known your daughter to swear and use obscenities?

(CONTINUED)

84. CONTD (1)

CHRIS:
Never.

KLEIN:
Well, you see, that's quite similar to things like her lying -- uncharacter --

CHRIS:
(interrupting; perplexed)
Wait a minute. What are you talking about?

KLEIN:
Well, she let loose quite a string while I was examining her, Mrs. MacNeil.

CHRIS:
You're kidding! Like what?

KLEIN:
(looking evasive)
Well, I'd say her vocabulary's rather extensive.

CHRIS:
Well, what, for example? I mean, give me a for instance!

Klein shrugs. No reply.

CHRIS:
Hey, come on; I'm grown-up. What'd she <u>say</u>? I mean <u>specifically</u>, Doctor.

KLEIN:
Well, specifically, Mrs. MacNeil, she advised me to keep my fingers away from her "goddam cunt."

CHRIS:
(shocked)
She used those words?

KLEIN:
She used those words. Look, I doubt that she even understood what she was saying.

(CONTINUED)

84. CONTD (2)

CHRIS:
Yeah, I guess. Maybe not. You don't think a psychiatrist?

KLEIN:
The best explanation is always the simplest one. Let's wait. Let's wait and see.
(smiling encouragingly)
In the meantime, try not to worry.

CHRIS:
How?

85. INT. MACNEIL HOME FULL SHOT LIVING ROOM PARTY IN PROGRESS NIGHT

A few Jesuits and some of the cast and crew of the motion picture are present. Vibrant hum of conversation. Then a CLOSER ANGLE featuring Burke Dennings. Burke, an empty glass in hand, stands chatting with silver-maned SENATOR and SENATOR'S WIFE. Back of them, and to side, Chris is visible, chatting with the Jesuit DEAN of the college. Karl is approaching the latter with drinks tray. Burke seems irritable and tautly drunk.

DENNINGS:
No, no, her part is finished; all the parts with the principal actors, you see; but I'm staying to finish other scenes.

SENATOR:
I understand.

Karl has approached Burke's group.

DENNINGS:
Oh, how splendid.
(reaching for a fresh drink)
Let's another for the road.

CHRIS:
(brief over-the-shoulder at Dennings)
The Lincoln Highway?

DENNINGS:
(at Chris)
Oh, now, don't be so silly.

(CONTINUED)

84. CONTD (3)

SENATOR'S WIFE:
(at Chris)
Fun party.

CHRIS"
(at wife)
Thanks, Martha.

And Chris returns to conversation with the Dean. During the above, the Senator has mutely refused another drink, but Burke now takes one in his other hand as well as:

DENNINGS:
(at Karl)
Oh, now tell me, was it Public Relations you did for the Gestapo, or Community Relations?

KARL:
(grimly uptight)
I am Swiss.

DENNINGS:
Yes, of course. And you never went bowling with Goebbels, I suppose.

86. FRONT TRACKING SHOT KARL

His face impassive; yet his eyes are angry, as we HEAR:

DENNINGS:
(at Karl as latter moves on)
So superior, aren't you? Nazi!

87 CAMERA FOLLOWS Karl but holds -- as he passes them -- on Sharon and MARY JO PERRIN, who are seated somewhere in the room. A bubbly personality, Mary Jo is reading Sharon's palm.

PERRIN:
Well yes, your work line is longer than your heart line. There, you see? And you've recently broken up with a boyfriend. Am I right?

SHARON:
No.

PERRIN
I'm really famous for predictions, not palms.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

87. CONTD

PERRIN: (Contd)
(dropping Sharon's palm)
Where's the bathroom?

SHARON:
(rising)
Upstairs. I'll go with you.

As they move, CAMERA FOLLOWS:

PERRIN:
Oh, by the way, I brought that witchcraft book you asked for.

SHARON:
Oh, thanks.

PERRIN:
And another one on Russian ESP. They're in the study.

They walk out of frame as CAMERA HOLDS on Dennings, the Senator, and his wife. The Senator is turned away from Dennings, conversing in low tones with wife. Dennings is now composed and as he stares down into his gin glass:

DENNINGS:
There seems to be an alien pubic hair in my gin.

SENATOR:
(turning to Dennings, as his wife splits)
I beg your pardon?

DENNINGS:
(defensive)
Never seen it before in my life!

SENATOR
(a murmur)
Yes, I'm sure.

DENNINGS:
(now accusatory)
Have you?

88. ANGLE AT CHRIS, JESUIT DEAN, MARY JO PERRIN

Mary Jo is seated on sofa with Jesuit Dean. Chris is on floor in front of coffee table facing them, as all eat dinner.

(CONTINUED)

88. CONTD

PERRIN:
On, come on, every family's got one black sheep.

DEAN:
Yes, I know, but we were pushing our quota with the Medici Popes.

CHRIS:
Say, Father, there's something I've been meaning to ask you. Do you know that sort of wing that's in back of the church over there? The red brick one, I mean.
(pointing in direction)

DEAN:
St. Mike's.

CHRIS:
Yeah, right. St. Mike's. What goes on in there, Father?

DEAN
Oh, that's where we say Black Mass.

CHRIS:
(as Perrin chuckles)
What's that?

PERRIN:
Oh, he's kidding.

CHRIS:
I wasn't. I'd still like to know what it is.

DEAN
Oh, well basically, I guess, it's a travesty of the Catholic Mass. It's connected to witchcraft. Devil worship cults.
(looking around for someone)
Gee, where's Joe? He knows all about this stuff.

He is indicating Father Dyer, who is standing at buffet, heaping second helping onto his plate.

DEAN:
Hey, Joe!

(CONTINUED)

88. CONTD (1)

DYER:
(turning)
You called, Great Dean?

Dean beckons him over.

DEAN:
(to Chris)
They had a couple of cases of desecration in Holy Trinity last week, and Joe said something about one of them reminding him of some things they used to do at Black Mass, so I expect he knows something about the subject.

PERRIN:
What happened at the church?

DEAN:
Oh, it's really too disgusting.

DYER:
Listen, give me just a minute. I think I've got something going over there with the Astronaut.

DEAN:
What?

DYER:
(raising eyebrows)
First missionary on the moon?

They burst into laughter as he moves off to join ASTRONAUT.

CHRIS:
He's fun.
(at Dean)
You haven't told me what goes on yet in back of St. Mike's. Big secret? Who's that priest I keep seeing there? You know, sort of dark? Do you know the one I mean?

DEAN:
(lowered tone; trace of regret)
Father Karras.

(CONTINUED)

88. CONTD (2)

CHRIS:
What's he do?

DEAN:
He's our counselor, Chris. A psychiatrist. The back of St. Mike's is our couch.

CHRIS:
Oh, I see.

DEAN:
Had a pretty rough knock last night, poor guy. His mother passed away.

CHRIS:
(sensation of grief)
Oh, I'm sorry.

DEAN:
He seems to be taking it pretty hard. She was living by herself, and I guess she was dead for a couple of days before they found her.

PERRIN:
(murmur)
Oh, how awful.

DEAN:
The superintendent of her apartment building found her at four in the morning. They wouldn't have found her even then except ... Well, the next door neighbors complained about her radio going all the time.

89. TWO SHOT DYER AND ASTRONAUT

The Astronaut is breaking up as:

DYER:
No, I'm really not a priest. I'm actually a terribly avant-garde rabbi.

90. OMITTED.

91. INT. MACNEIL HOUSE KITCHEN

Chris is bursting in as Dennings continues to rave at a stolid, expressionless Karl who stands immobile, arms akimbo, watching Dennings.

DENNINGS:
Cunting Hun! You bloody damned butchering Nazi pig!

CHRIS:
(over Dennings)
Karl! Will you get out of here! Get out!

Sharon enters now and Chris has started pushing Karl out. The latter, defiant, permits it only reluctantly.

DENNINGS:
What the hell makes you think you're so fucking superior? Goddamned cunting Heinrich Himmler! Get the hell back to -- !

Karl is out and now Dennings, in a remarkable performance, is instantly composed and as Chris turns to him after shoving Karl out door, Dennings turns to her genially and rubs his hands together with:

DENNINGS:
Now, then, what's dessert?

CHRIS:
Dessert!

DENNINGS:
(whining)
Well, I'm hungry.

Chris reacts, incredulous and exasperated, then turns and exits. Passing Sharon:

CHRIS:
Feed him!

92-95. OMITTED

96. INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM NIGHT

Regan is in bed. Chris is tucking her bedcovers in. The room lights are out and Regan is turned on side. She has eyes closed. Chris, finished, looks down at her.

(CONTINUED)

96. CONTD

CHRIS:
You okay, hon?

No response. Chris waits. Regan appears to be asleep. Chris leans over, kisses herccheek.

CHRIS:
(whisper)
Sleep tight.

97. INT. MACNEIL HOUSE ANGLE AT MAIN STAIRCASE NIGHT

Dyer and Dean are SINGING and PLAYING, "Oh, Lindberg (What a Flyin' Fool Was He)." GO TO Chris holding front door open for Sharon and the Assistant Director with a barely conscious Dennings being carried between them, heading for open front door.

CHRIS:
Nite, Burke. Take it easy.

DENNINGS:
(eyes still closed;
a mutter)
Fuck it!

Chris shakes head. Then CAMERA FOLLOWS her to the piano group, which now includes the Astronaut. Dyer is just finishing the song. Group applauds. Dyer spots Chris.

DYER:
Hi, Chris. Great party.

CHRIS:
Thanks, Father. Keep goin'.

DYER:
(playing chords)
I don't need the encouragement. My notion of heaven is a solid white nightclub with me center stage for all the rest of eternity.
(after amused reaction
from group)
Does anyone else know the words to "I'll Bet You're Sorry Now, Tokyo Rose."

Chris starts singing as Dyer delightedly joins her. Then abruptly he stops, staring expressionlessly at something O.S. Chris, too, stops as Dyer nods head toward spot O.S.

(CONTINUED)

97. CONTD

DYER:
I believe we have a visitor,
Mrs. MacNeil.

98. AT CHRIS AND ASTRONAUT

Chris looks where Dyer has indicated, and as sudden silence falls on the group, Chris gasps in shock and dismay, hand flying to her cheek, a small whimper coming up in her throat. The CAMERA MOVES TO TIGHT ON ASTRONAUT'S FACE as he, too, looks down and we HEAR:

REGAN:
(o.s.)
You're going to die up there.

As Astronaut's face turns gray with dismay and chilling apprehension, we HEAR:

CHRIS:
(o.s.; anguished)
Oh, my God! Oh, --

99. AT REGAN ASTRONAUT'S P.O.V.

Regan in nightgown, is staring up at Astronaut (CAMERA), and is urinating gushingly onto the rug.

CHRIS:
(o.s.; continuing)
-- my God, Oh my baby!

100. THE ANGLE WIDENS OUT

to disclose Chris rushing up to Regan and leading her away toward stairs.

CHRIS:
(continuing)
Oh, come on, Rags, come with me,
come upstairs!
(over shoulder
to Astronaut)
Oh, I'm so sorry! She's been sick,
she must be walking in her sleep!
She didn't know what she was saying!

101. CLOSE AT ASTRONAUT STARING SHAKEN

102. INT. REGAN'S BATHROOM NIGHT

Regan sits in tub like someone in trance while Chris rapidly bathes her.

CHRIS:
Honey, why did you say that? Why?

103. INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM NIGHT

Moonlight streams in through open window. Regan turned toward wall, is in bed, dully staring at a point in space. Chris sits on edge of bed. Through window, from street below, we HEAR O.S. SOUNDS and VOICES of departing guests.

CHRIS:
Howya feelin', honey? Better?

No response.

CHRIS:
Would you like me to read to you?

Regan shakes head slightly, still staring at wall.

CHRIS:
Okay, then. Try to sleep.

She leans over, kisses Regan, rises.

CHRIS:
'Night, my baby.

Chris leaves and is almost out the door when she is arrested by Regan calling to her in a low, despairing, haunted tone:

REGAN:
Mother, what's wrong with me?

CHRIS:
Why, honey, it's nerves. That's all. I mean, it's just like the doctor said. You keep taking those pills and you'll be fine. Just fine.
(a long wait for reaction; but Regan neither moves nor speaks)
Okay, Rags?

Chris waits. Still nothing. Troubled and despondent, Chris starts out of room.

103A. INT. SECOND FLOOR HALL OF MACNEIL HOUSE NIGHT

The CAMERA is FIXED at one end of hall, and we see Chris exit at the other from Regan's bedroom. Head down, thoughtful, she starts toward us; then remembers something and moves back to lean over balustrade railing and observe something below for a moment or two. We HEAR O.S. SCRAPING SOUND, like a brush against carpeting; Willie brushing out the urine stains.

CHRIS:
(softly)
Comin' out, Willie?

WILLIE:
Yes, madam. I think so.

CHRIS:
(slight nod)
Good.

She continues to stare for a moment more, then comes toward CAMERA again until she reaches door to her bedroom and enters. She closes door. A beat. Then from O.S., within Regan's bedroom, we HEAR METALLIC SOUNDS, like bedsprings violently quivering. They are tentative at first, then insistent. Then:

REGAN:
(o.s.; calling with
burgeoning apprehension
and surmise)
Mother?

Two beats. The bedspring SOUNDS. Then, much louder, and filled with terror:

REGAN:
(o.s.)
Mother, come here! Come here!

Chris' door has already shot open, and she's burst out into the hall, racing for Regan's bedroom.

CHRIS:
Yes, I'm coming! All right, hon!
I'm coming!

REGAN:
(o.s.)
Mothhheerrrrrrr!

CHRIS:
Oh, my baby, what's --

104. INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM AT DOOR NIGHT

Chris bursts in, continuing as she reaches for light switch and we HEAR MASSIVE METALLIC SOUNDS now:

CHRIS:
-- wrong, hon? What is it?
What's -- ?

The lights are on, and as Chris stares at Regan's bed O.S., she breaks off, electrified.

CHRIS:
Jesus! Oh, Jesus!

105. P.O.V. AT REGAN

She lies taut on her back, face stained with tears and contorted with terror and confusion as she grips at sides of narrow bed. It is savagely quivering back and forth!

REGAN:
Mother, why is it shaking? Make it stop! Oh, I'm scared! Make it stop! Oh, I'm scared, Mother, please make it stoooooooooo --

And on her elongated, fearful cry, we break it off before the "p" sound as we:

CUT TO:

105A. INT. JESUIT RESIDENCE HALL DYER ENTERS NIGHT

106. INT. CORRIDOR IN RESIDENCE HALL NIGHT

Follow Dyer to Karras' room.

107. INT. KARRAS' ROOM NIGHT

Dim desk lamp lighting. Dyer sits back of Karras' desk, wearing a "Snoopy" T-shirt. Karras is sitting on edge of cot, his eyes fixed low in haunted stare. They are red and raw from weeping. In his hand is a cup containing a small amount of scotch, and his eyes and voice are fogged by heavy drinking and chronic sleeplessness. Dyer is pouring from a bottle of Chivas Regal into Karras' cup.

KARRAS:
Where'd you get the money for Chevas Regal, Joe? The poorbox?

(CONTINUED)

107. CONTD

DYER:
Don't be an asshole, that would be breaking my vow of poverty.

KARRAS:
Where did you get it then?

DYER:
I stole it.

KARRAS:
I believe you.

DYER:
College presidents shouldn't drink. It tends to set a bad example. I figure I relieved him of a terrible temptation.

Karras is nodding slightly, smiling, when suddenly he bursts into sobs.

KARRAS:
Ah, Joe.

DYER:
(with comforting gestures)
I know. I know.

Karras cries it through, the sobbing gradually subsiding.

KARRAS:
(a whisper)
Ah, God.

Karras at last exhales an enormous sigh, closing his eyes, outstretched on cot.

DYER:
Do you think you can sleep now, Damien?

Karras nods head along with a throat sound of affirmation. Dyer moves to foot of bed, undoes laces and removes Karras's shoes.

KARRAS:
Gonna steal my shoes now?

(CONTINUED)

107. CONTD (1)

DYER:
No, I tell fortunes by reading the creases. Now shut up and go to sleep.

KARRAS:
You're a Jesuit cat burglar.

DYER:
Listen, someone's got to worry about the bills around this place.
(moving softly to desk)
All you other guys do is just rattle your beads and pray for the hippies down on "M" Street.

Dyer flicks off desk light.

KARRAS:
Stealing is a sin.

A beat. Then, tenderly, Dyer touches a hand to Karras' shoulder in goodnight, but as he starts to move toward door, Karras' hand reaches out and grips Dyer's wrist, squeezing, and giving a little shake in a gesture of gratitude and deep friendship. At this moment, the CAMERA is TIGHT on the HANDS, but then goes to Dyer, as he nods in acknowledgement. Then Dyer stares down and CAMERA FOLLOWS his gaze to TIGHT at the HANDS again, as healing sleep at last comes to Karras and his grip slackens and his hand slowly falls.

DYER:
(o.s.; whisper)
Goodnight, Damien.

108. INT. HOLY TRINITY CHURCH VERY EARLY MORNING

Only two or three worshippers in the church. Karras, in his black vestments, is at main altar saying Mass. While washing at small table to side of altar:

KARRAS:
"O Lord, I have loved the beauty of Thy house and the place where Thy glory dwelleth. Take not away my soul, O God, with the wicked, nor my life with men of blood ...

109. ANOTHER ANGLE (TIME LAPSE)

Now Karras' eyes are moistening with tears as:

(CONTINUED)

109. CONTD

KARRAS:
"Remember also, O Lord, Thy servant, Mary Karras ... who has gone before us with the sign of faith, and sleeps the sleep of peace. To her, O Lord, and to -- all --
(he's fighting tears)
-- who rest in Christ, grant her -- we pray Thee, a place of -- refreshment -- of light -- and ...
(striking his breast)
To us also, Thy sinful servants ... "

110. ANOTHER ANGLE (TIME LAPSE)

KARRAS:
"Peace I leave you; my peace I give you. Look not upon my sins but upon the faith of your church ... "

111. ANOTHER ANGLE (TIME LAPSE)

KARRAS:
(hands extended)
"O Lord, I am not worthy. Speak but the word and my soul shall be healed."

112. INT. DR. KLEIN'S EXAMINING ROOM DAY

While Klein attempts to administer an injection, Chris and Nurse forcibly restrain a struggling, kicking Regan who is shrieking as:

CHRIS:
Please, honey! It's to help you!

REGAN:
I don't want it! I don't -- !

Klein leans over, injects needle.

REGAN:
Son of a bitch bastard!

She spits in Klein's face.

113. INT. HALL OF KLEIN'S SUITE OF OFFICES DAY

KLEIN:
Well, it's sometimes a symptom of a type of disturbance in the chemico-electrical activity of the brain. In the case of your daughter, in the temporal lobes.
(a hand to side of his skull)
Up here, in the lateral part of the brain. Now it's rare, but it does cause bizarre hallucinations and usually happens just before a convulsion. It --

CHRIS:
(frowning over the "it")
Convulsion.

KLEIN:
(faintly evasive)
Well, the shaking of the bed. That was doubtless due to muscular spasms.

CHRIS:
To muscular spasms? Hey, I was on the bed and it even shook with me on it.

KLEIN:
Look, Mrs. MacNeil -- your daughter's problem isn't beds; the problem is her; it's in her brain.

CHRIS:
Yeah, okay. So what causes this ... ?
(she can't find the term)

KLEIN:
Lesion of the temporal lobe. It's a kind of ... well, seizure disorder.

CHRIS:
Yeah. Look, I'll tell you the truth, doc; I don't understand how her whole personality could change.

(CONTINUED)

113. CONTD

KLEIN:
In temporal lobe, that's very common, and can last in some cases for several days. It isn't rare to find destructive, even criminal behavior.

Chris closes her eyes and lowers her forehead onto a fist.

CHRIS:
(murmuring)
Listen, tell me something good.

KLEIN:
Well, now, don't be alarmed. If it's a lesion, in a way, she's fortunate. Then all we have to do is remove the scar.

114. INT. RADIOLOGICAL LAB
SERIES OF SHOTS REGAN HAVING BRAIN X-RAYED (ARTERIOGRAM)
CHRIS AND RADIOLOGIST PRESENT

THEN GO TO:

115. INT. SMALL MEDICAL LAB AND X-RAY ROOM DAY

We begin CLOSE at X-RAY OF REGAN'S SKULL, then disclose Klein and a consulting neurologist (DR. TANNEY) thoughtfully studying several of them.

Tanney, shaking his head, removes his eyeglasses and tucks them into breast pocket of jacket with:

TANNEY:
There's just nothing there. No vascular distortion at all.

KLEIN:
(frowning, still studying X-rays)
Doesn't figure.

TANNEY:
Want to run another series?

KLEIN:
(turning away from X-rays)
I don't think so.

We HEAR TELEPHONE BUZZER simultaneous with:

(CONTINUED)

115. CONTD

KLEIN:
(picking up wall phone)
I'd like you to see her again.
(into phone)
Yes.

RECEPTIONIST'S VOICE:
(FLITER: urgent phone)
Chris MacNeil's on the line! Says it's urgent!

116. INT. SECOND FLOOR HALL MACNEIL HOUSE DAY

The CAMERA is by door to Regan's bedroom, from which emanates Regan's MOANS of pain and SCREAMS of terror. Rushing up from steps on landing is Sharon, followed by Klein and Tanney. At door, Sharon cracks it open and calls in:

SHARON:
Doctors, Chris!

Chris immediately comes to door, opening it. She is extremely distraught and bewildered.

117. INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM AT DOOR DAY

Karl stands beside door, staring numbly at O.S. SOUNDS, and as the doctors enter, we HEAR O.S. SOUND OF something SLAMMING ONTO BEDSPRINGS REPEATEDLY (in addition to Regan's cries).

REGAN:
(o.s.; hysterical wail)
Mooooootheeeeerrrrr!

118. P.O.V. AT REGAN

Flailing her arms, her body seems to be flinging itself up horizontally about a foot into the air above her bed, and then is slammed down savagely onto mattress, as if by an unseen person, and causing wrenching of Regan's breath. It happens repeatedly and rapidly as:

REGAN:
Oh, Mother make him stop! Please stop him! Stop him! He's trying to kill me! He's -- ! Oh, please stoppppppppppp hiii

119. AT CHRIS AND DOCTORS

CHRIS:
Doc, what is it? What's happening?

He shakes head, gaze fixed on Regan.

120. P.O.V. AT REGAN

The up and down movements briefly; then they abruptly cease, and Regan twists feverishly from side to side, her eyes rolling upwards, into their sockets so that only the whites are exposed, while her legs keep crossing and uncrossing rapidly.

REGAN:
(moaning)
Oh, he's burning me! I'm burning!
I'm -- ! Uhh!

With this sudden SOUND of pain, Regan has abruptly jerked her head back, disclosing a bulging, swollen throat, and she begins to mutter incomprehensively in a strangely deepened, guttural tone.

121. ANOTHER ANGLE

as the doctors approach. Reaching the bedside, Klein reaches down to take Regan's pulse.

KLEIN:
(soothingly)
All right, now, let's see what the trouble is, dear. I'm just going to --

And abruptly Klein is reeling, stunned and staggering, across the room from the force of a vicious backward swing of Regan's arm as she suddenly sits up, her face contorted with hideous rage. Now, in a coarse and powerful, deep male voice:

REGAN:
The sow is mine! Mine! Keep away from her!

122. AT KLEIN

He stares O.S., stunned, as Karl and Tanney kneel to his assistance.

KLEIN:
I'm all right.

They look toward Regan as we HEAR from O.S. a yelping laugh gushing up in her throat.

123. AT REGAN

Her head is tilted back. The laugh continues, demonic. Then she falls to her back as if someone has pushed her down. She pulls back her nightgown with:

REGAN:
Fuck me, fuck --

124. AT REGAN

Sitting up, she begins to caress her own arms sensually as she croons in that guttural, coarse, male voice:

REGAN:
Ah, my flower ... my pearl ...

Abruptly she falls onto back again as if from a shove, and cries out with a wrench of breath. Then abruptly she is sitting up again, as if pulled by the hands, and:

REGAN:
(normal voice)
Oh, mother! Mother -- !

Another sudden cry, and then she is bending at the waist, whirling her torso around in rapid, strenuous circles.

REGAN:
(weeping)
Oh, stop him, please stop him!
It hurts! Make him stop! Make
him stop! I can't breaaaaaaath!

125. AT CHRIS

CHRIS
Oh, my God, oh, my -- !

126. AT REGAN

Before she finishes her cry, she again appears to be shoved savagely onto her back, and as Tanney comes beside bed and observes, her eyes roll upward into their sockets and again she begins muttering incomprehensively in that thickened voice. Tanney leans head closer to try to make it out, frowning.

127. AT KLEIN

He is by the large window overlooking steps, preparing a hypodermic injection.

(CONTINUED)

127. CONTD

KLEIN:
Sam!

He beckons Tanney over to him with move of head and continues preparing hypo. We HEAR the O.S., fevered gibberish from Regan. Tanney comes INTO FRAME.

KLEIN:
I'm giving her Librium. You're going to have to hold her.

They look quickly toward:

REGAN:
(o.s.; terrified)
Oh, no!

REGAN:
No! Captain Howdy, don't -- !

Regan slamming up and down off the bed again.

REGAN:
Mother! Mother! Motherrrrrrrrr!

QUICK CUT TO:

129. AT CHRIS

over Regan's prolonged scream of pain and terror, Chris, with fists to her temples, turns to shriek at doctors:

CHRIS:
God almighty, will you do something!
Help her! Help -- !

130. AT DOCTORS

Klein is ready. And over:

CHRIS:
(o.s.; continuing)
-- herrrrrrrrrrrrrrr ... !

and Regan's continuing SCREAM from O.S., Klein grimly nods to Tanney. And as they start toward bed with both Chris and Regan's cries persisting we

QUICKLY CUT TO:

131. INT. MACNEIL HOUSE SECOND FLOOR HALL DAY

Blessed silence. Chris and Sharon have heads lowered, waiting by balustrade. Klein and Tanney exit Regan's room and approach them. Chris dabs at nose with moist, balled-up handkerchief, her eyes red from crying.

KLEIN:
She's heavily sedated. She'll undoubtedly sleep right through until tomorrow.

CHRIS:
Doc, how could she jump off the bed like that?

DR. TANNEY:
There's a perfectly rational explanation. Technically speaking, pathological states can induce abnormal strength and accelerated motor performance. More commonly, a ninety-pound woman sees her child pinned under the wheel of a truck, runs out and lifts the wheels half a foot up off the ground. You've heard the story. Same thing here.

CHRIS:
Yeah, okay.

DR. TANNEY:
Same principle, I mean.

CHRIS:
So what's wrong with her? What do you think?

KLEIN:
Well, we still think it's temporal lobe, and --

CHRIS:
(erupting)
What the hell are you talking about? She's been acting like some kind of a psycho, like a split personality! What do you -- Guess I'm all uptight. I'm sorry. You were saying?

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTD

DR. TANNEY:
There haven't been more than a hundred authenticated cases of so-called dual or split personality, Mrs. MacNeil. Now I know the temptation is to leap to psychiatry, but any reasonable psychiatrist would exhaust the somatic possibilities first.

CHRIS:
Okay, so what's next?

DR. TANNEY:
A pneumoencephelogram, I would think, to pin down that lesion ... outline the cavities of her brain. It <u>will</u> involve another spinal.

CHRIS:
(dismayed)
Oh, Christ.

DR. TANNEY:
It's vital. What we missed in the EEG and the arteriograms could conceivably turn up there. At the least, it would exhaust certain other possibilities.

132. INT. MEDICAL LABORATORY

LAB TECHNICIAN completes check of spinal fluid protein content.

133. INT. KLEIN'S OFFICE

Klein is looking at lab reports and looks baffled.

KLEIN:
Dr. Tanney says the X-rays are negative. In other words, normal.

Chris sighs, bowing head.

CHRIS:
Well, --
(bleak murmur)
here we are again, folks.

Klein stares down, shaking head and frowning in perplexity. Then he looks up at Chris:

(CONTINUED)

133. CONTD

KLEIN:
Do you keep any drugs in your house?

CHRIS:
Huh?

KLEIN:
Amphetamines? LSD?

CHRIS:
Gee, no. Look, I'd tell you. No, there's nothing like that.

He nods and stares at his shoes; then looks up again.

KLEIN:
Are you planning to be home soon? L.A., I mean.

CHRIS:
No. No, I'm building a new house and the old one's been sold. We were going to Europe for a while after Rags finished up with her school here. Why'd you ask?

KLEIN:
I think it's time we started looking for a psychiatrist.

134. EXT. CHRIS' CAR NIGHT

as she drives back-across Key Bridge.

135. INT. CHRIS' CAR ANGLE FROM DRIVER'S SEAT "M" STREET AND 36TH

Through the windshield, dead ahead, a CROWD has gathered by base of the steep steps beside the house, and an AMBULANCE is pulling out into traffic. White-coated MEDICS are running around in a panic. Police car lights are flashing. As Chris rounds off the bridge onto Prospect, the AMBULANCE pulls out and gets just ahead of her, SIREN WAILING. We FOLLOW AMBULANCE for two beats, then:

CUT TO:

135A. EXT. MACNEIL HOUSE - REGAN'S WINDOW - CURTAINS BLOWING

136. INT. MACNEIL HOUSE AT FRONT DOOR NIGHT

Chris enters despondently. Closing door behind her, she leans back against it, looking down in thought, her hand still clutching doorknob. A beat. The LIGHTS IN HOUSE BLINK OUT for a beat. Chris looks up. They BLINK OUT AGAIN, this time longer.

CHRIS:
Sharon?

The lights come back on.

CHRIS:
Shar?

Still no response. Chris starts up the staircase, frowning apprehensively.

137. INT. SECOND FLOOR HALL MACNEIL HOUSE NIGHT

The CAMERA is FIXED by door to Regan's bedroom. As Chris reaches landing, the LIGHTS BLINK OUT AGAIN, BRIEFLY, THEN ON. Chris has halted, her eyes warily scanning around; then she continues down the hall toward us, and opens door to Regan's bedroom.

138. INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM FULL SHOT NIGHT

Silence as Chris stands by door a moment; then she goes to Regan's bedside, and rubs at her arms, as if from extreme cold. She examines Regan, who is still sound asleep.

139. CLOSER ANGLE

at Chris hugging arms akimbo, shivering.

CHRIS:
Shit! (perplexed; whisper)

Then she looks toward window; frowns in consternation.

140. THE ROOM FULL SHOT

The window is open. Chris moves to it and stares for a moment. She closes and locks it. But she still feels cold. She HEARS FRONT DOOR OPENING from O.S., below, through open door to Regan's bedroom, and turns toward the SOUND. We FOLLOW her out into:

141 INT. SECOND FLOOR HALL MACNEIL HOUSE NIGHT

As Chris exits and softly closes Regan's door. She starts toward stairs.

CHRIS:
(calling softly)
Sharon?

142. INT. FOYER LIVING ROOM AREA MACNEIL HOUSE NIGHT

Sharon enters house with white paper pharmacy bag in hand.

CHRIS:
Hey, what the hell's wrong with you, Sharon? You go out and leave Rags by herself? Where've you been?

SHARON:
Oh, didn't he tell you?

CHRIS:
Oh, didn't who tell me?

SHARON:
Burke. Isn't he here? Where is he?

CHRIS:
He was here?

SHARON:
You mean he wasn't when you got home?

CHRIS:
Listen, start all over.

SHARON:
Oh, that nut. I couldn't get the druggist to deliver. Karl and Willie are off, so when Burke came around, I thought, fine, he can stay here with Regan while I go get the Thorazine. Guess I should have known.

CHRIS:
Yeah, you should've.

SHARON:
What happened with the tests?

CHRIS:
Not a thing. I'm going to have to get Regan a shrink.

143. INT. FOYER AREA MACNEIL HOUSE NIGHT

Chris is answering the door. It is the Assistant Director, ashen-faced.

CHRIS:
Oh, Chuck. How ya doin'? Come on in.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR:
(stepping inside gravely)
You haven't heard?

CHRIS:
Heard what?

Sharon enters scene, listening.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR:
Well, it's bad.

CHRIS:
What's bad?

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR:
Burke's dead.

CHRIS:
Oh, no!

SHARON:
What happened?

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR:
I guess he was drunk. He fell down from the top of the steps right outside. By the time he hit "M" Street, he'd broken his neck.

Chris puts a hand to her mouth stifling a sob.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
Yeah, I know.
(exiting)
See you later.

He closes door behind him. Chris leans against door crying while Sharon moves despondently to foot of staircase.

CHRIS:
Oh, Burke! Poor Burke!

SHARON:
I can't believe it.

(CONTINUED)

143. CONTD

Chris lowers brow into hand, leaning against door. She shakes her head, exhales.

CHRIS:
I guess everything --

She breaks off, staring with horror at something descending the stairs behind Sharon. It is Regan on all fours. She is gliding, spiderlike, noiselessly and swiftly, down the staircase, her tongue flicking rapidly in and out of her mouth like a snake. She halts directly beside Sharon.

CHRIS:
(numbly)
Sharon?

Sharon stops, as does Regan. Sharon turns and sees nothing; and then screams as she feels Regan's tongue snaking out at her ankle.

CHRIS:
Call that doctor and get him the hell over here, Sharon! Get him now!

144. INT. CHRIS' BEDROOM DAY

Shutters are closed and room is dark. Klein stands by bureau, watching. Chris sits on edge of bed, as does a PSYCHIATRIST. He is swinging a bauble on a chain back and forth, hypnotically, in front of Regan. He shines a penlight on the bauble so that it glows in the dark. He halts, inclining the penlight beam up, and we SEE Regan's eyes are closed and appears to be in trance. He turns off penlight.

PSYCHIATRIST:
Are you comfortable, Regan?

REGAN:
(voice soft and whispery)
Yes.

PSYCHIATRIST:
How old are you?

REGAN:
Twelve.

(CONTINUED)

144. CONTD

PSYCHIATRIST:
Is there someone inside you?

REGAN:
Sometimes.

PSYCHIATRIST:
Who is it?

REGAN:
I don't know.

PSYCHIATRIST:
Captain Howdy?

REGAN:
I don't know.

PSYCHIATRIST:
If I ask him to tell me, will you let him answer?

REGAN:
No!

PSYCHIATRIST:
Why not?

REGAN:
I'm afraid!

PSYCHIATRIST:
If he talks to me, I think he will leave you. Do you want him to leave you?

REGAN:
Yes.

PSYCHIATRIST:
Let him speak, then. Will you let him speak?

REGAN:
(a pause; then:)
Yes.

PSYCHIATRIST
(firmly; new tone)
I am speaking to the person inside of Regan, now. If you are there you too are hypnotized and must
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

144. CONTD (1)

PSYCHIATRIST: (Contd)
answer all my questions. Come forward and answer me now: Are you there?

No response, and after three beats, we HEAR Regan's BREATH coming loud and raspily, like a rotted, putrid bellows. The Psychiatrist sniffs, as if at a horrid smell, and then flicks on laser lamp and shines it up into Regan's face. Chris gasps. We do not see Regan's face, but play off reactions of Chris and the Psychiatrist. Chris lowers her head into a hand, the sight too unbearable for her, and she grips the Psychiatrist's arm with the other in a tight vise. This causes him to extinguish the laser lamp.

PSYCHIATRIST
Are you the person inside of Regan?

REGAN:
(in that coarse and guttural voice)
Say.

PSYCHIATRIST:
Did you answer?

REGAN:
Say.

PSYCHIATRIST:
If that's yes, nod your head.

Regan nods.

PSYCHIATRIST:
Who are you?

REGAN:
Nowonmai.

PSYCHIATRIST:
That's your name?

REGAN:
Say.

PSYCHIATRIST
Are you speaking in a foreign language?

REGAN:
Say.

(CONTINUED)

144. CONTD (2)

PSYCHIATRIST:
Are you someone whom Regan has known?

REGAN:
One.

PSYCHIATRIST:
That she knows of?

REGAN:
One.

PSYCHIATRIST:
Part of Regan?

REGAN:
One.

PSYCHIATRIST:
Do you like her?

REGAN:
One.

PSYCHIATRIST:
Do you hate her?

REGAN:
Say.

PSYCHIATRIST:
Are you punishing her?

REGAN:
Say.

PSYCHIATRIST:
You wish to harm her?

REGAN
Say.

PSYCHIATRIST:
To kill her?

REGAN:
Say.

PSYCHIATRIST
But if Regan died, wouldn't you die, too?

(CONTINUED)

144. CONTD (3)

REGAN:
One.

PSYCHIATRIST:
Is there something she can do to make you leave her?

REGAN:
Say.

PSYCHIATRIST:
Do you blame her for her parents' divorce?

His question elides into a prolonged gasp of startled pain and horrified incredulity as we go quickly to FULL AT REGAN, mad, evil glee in the eyes as now the light drops from the Psychiatrist's hand.

145. OMITTED.

146. CLOSE AT PSYCHIATRIST

In the darkness, we SEE his mouth agape in horrible pain, his eyes wide-staring. What has happened is that Regan has gripped his scrotum in a hand that is squeezing like an iron talon.

PSYCHIATRIST:
Marc! Marc, help me!

147. QUICKLY AT CHRIS

leaping up and away from Psychiatrist struggling to wrench Regan's hand away, a hand with incredible strength.

CHRIS:
Jesus!

Klein races forward toward bed; Chris is running, panicked, for the lightswitch; Psychiatrist, in agony, struggling; Regan "Creature" with head tilted back, is cackling demoniacally and then howls like a wolf as Chris slaps at the lightswitch. The lights come on and we see:

148. AT BED

Regan, cackling demoniacally is rolling around on bed in savage struggle with Klein and Psychiatrist, who are still attempting to dislodge her hand from its grip. Grimaces. Gasps. Curses. The bedstead is quivering violently side to side.

149. ANOTHER ANGLE

Regan jerks upright. Her eyes roll upward into their sockets and she wrenches up a keening shriek of terror torn raw and bloody from the base of her spine as her face becomes her own. Then she falls backwards in a faint.

150. VIEW OF BED

Stillness. Regan unconscious. Two beats. One of the doctors makes a small move at extricating himself from the tangle. Chris crumples in a dead faint.

151. EXT. OUTDOOR TRACK IN HOLLOW OF GEORGETOWN U. CAMPUS DAY

In shorts and T-shirt, Karras is doing laps. A portly middle-aged man (KINDERMAN) is seated on bench at edge of track watching him. SOUNDS of baseball practice o.s. KARRAS passes Kinderman and shortly thereafter stops running, hands to hips as he walks, head down and panting. Kinderman rises and moves toward him.

KINDERMAN
(calling)
Father Karras?

Karras turns head, squinting into sun, his breath coming in great gulps, chest heaving. He waits for Kinderman to reach him, then beckons him to follow as Karras resumes his walk.

KARRAS
Do you mind? I'll cramp.

KINDERMAN
Yes, of course.

KARRAS
Have we met?

KINDERMAN
No, we haven't, but they said I could tell; that you looked like a boxer. I'm William F. Kinderman, Father.
(flashing I.D.)
Homicide.

152. GATE OF RUNNING TRACK

Karras and Kinderman walk toward the path.

(CONTINUED)

152. CONTD

KARRAS:
What's this about?

KINDERMAN:
It's true, you do look like a boxer. Excuse me, that scar, you know, there by your eye? Like Brando, it looks like, in Waterfront. Just exactly Marlon Brando. People tell you that, Father?

KARRAS:
Do people ever tell you that you look like Paul Newman?

KINDERMAN:
Always.

152A. PATH ABOVE FOOTBALL FIELD

Karras and Kinderman continue walking.

KINDERMAN:
Look, Father, could we keep this between us? Confidential? Like a matter of confession, so to speak?

KARRAS:
Yes, of course.

KINDERMAN:
You know that director who was doing the film here, Father? Burke Dennings?

KARRAS:
Well, I've seen him.

KINDERMAN:
You've seen him. You're also familiar with how last week he died?

KARRAS:
(shrugging)
Well, the papers ...

KINDERMAN:
That's part of it.

(CONTINUED)

152. CONTD

KARRAS:
Oh?

KINDERMAN:
Only part. Listen, what do you know on the subject of witchcraft, Father? From the witching end, please, not the hunting.

152B. TENNIS COURT PATH

Karras and Kinderman continue walking

KARRAS
(smiling)
Oh, I once did a paper on it.

KINDERMAN:
Really?

KARRAS:
From the psychiatric end.

KINDERMAN:
From whatever. Look, these desecrations going on in the church -- they remind you of anything to do with witchcraft?

KARRAS:
Maybe. Some rituals used in Black Mass.

KINDERMAN:
And now Dennings -- you read how he died?

KARRAS:
In a fall.

KINDERMAN:
Well, I'll tell you; and please! Confidential!

Karras nods. They stop, and continue talking.

KINDERMAN:
Burke Dennings, good Father, was found at the bottom of those steps down to "M" Street with his head turned completely around and facing backwards.

(CONTINUED)

152B. CONTD

KARRAS:
(after a beat)
It didn't happen in the fall?

KINDERMAN
Sure, it's possible. Possible. However ...

KARRAS:
Unlikely.

KINDERMAN:
Exactly.

They start walking again.

KINDERMAN"
So on the one hand a witchcraft kind of murder, on the other, Black Mass type desecrations in the church.

KARRAS:
The killer and the desecrator, you think, then, are the same?

KINDERMAN:
Maybe somebody crazy, Father Karras; maybe someone with a spite against the Church, some unconscious rebellion perhaps! And who also has access to the Church in the middle of the night.

KARRAS:
A sick priest. Is that it?

153. PATH SOUTH OF DAHLGREN CHAPEL. TRACKING BEHIND KARRAS AND KINDERMAN

As they walk.

KINDERMAN:
Listen, Father, this is hard for you -- please! -- I understand. But for priests on the campus here, you're the psychiatrist; you'd know who was sick at the time, who was not. I mean, this kind of sickness. You'd know that.

KARRAS
I really know of no one who fits the description.

(CONTINUED)

153. CONTD

They stop and sit on the railing.

KINDERMAN:
Ah, yes; doctor's ethics. If you knew, you wouldn't tell.

KARRAS:
No, I probably wouldn't.

KINDERMAN:
Incidentally -- I mention it only in passing -- but this ethic is recently considered illegal. Not to bother you with trivia, but lately a psychiatrist in sunny California, no less, was put in jail for not telling the police what he knew about a patient.

KARRAS:
(slight, warm smile)
That a threat?

KINDERMAN:
Don't talk paranoid; I mention it in passing.

KARRAS:
I could always tell the judge it was a matter of confession.

KINDERMAN:
(glancing at him, faintly gloomy)
Want to go into business, Father?
(he looks away dismally)
'Father' -- what 'Father'? You're a Jew, I could tell when I met you.

Karras chuckles.

KINDERMAN:
Yes, laugh; go ahead; laugh.

But then Kinderman smiles, looking impishly pleased with himself, and turns to Karras with beaming eyes.

KINDERMAN:
That reminds me. The entrance exam for policemen, Father? When I took it, one question went something like: "What are rabies
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

153. CONTD (1)

KINDERMAN: (Contd)
and what would you do for them?" Know what some dumbhead put down for an answer? Emis? "Rabies," he said, "are Jew priests and I would do anything that I could for them."

154. GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY. QUADRANGLE, NEAR FOUNTAIN AND GAZEBO

Karras and Kinderman walking.

KINDERMAN
Listen, Father. Listen, doctor - ... Am I crazy, or could there maybe be a witch coven here in the District? Right now, I mean. Today.

KARRAS:
Oh, come on.

KINDERMAN:
So then what am I looking for, Father?

KARRAS:
A madman. Maybe someone on drugs.

155. GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY, QUADRANGLE-WASHINGTON STEPS TRACKING SHOT KARRAS AND KINDERMAN WALKING

KINDERMAN:
You like movies, Father Karras?

KARRAS:
Very much.

KINDERMAN:
I get passes for the very best shows. Mrs. K., she gets tired, though; never likes to go.

KARRAS:
That's too bad.

KINDERMAN:
It's too bad; yes, I hate to go alone. You know, I love to talk film; to discuss; to critique. Would you like to see a film with me? I've got passes for the Crest. It's Othello.

155. CONTD

KARRAS:
Who's starring?

KINDERMAN:
Debbie Reynolds, Desdemona, and Othello, Groucho Marx. You're happy?

Karras smiles. They have halted at entry to Jesuit residence hall.

KINDERMAN:
Listen, Father, one more time -- you can think of some priest who fits the bill?

KARRAS:
Oh, come on, now.

KINDERMAN:
Just answer the question, please, Father Paranoia.

KARRAS:
(leaning closer; looking grave)
Look, Lieutenant, can I tell you who I really think did it?

KINDERMAN:
No, who?

KARRAS:
Dominicans.

KINDERMAN:
I could have you deported, you know that?

KARRAS:
What for?

KINDERMAN:
A psychiatrist shouldn't piss people off.
(as Karras chuckles)
Plus also the goyim, plainly speaking, would love it. Who needs it? A priest who wears sneakers and T-shirts!

(CONTINUED)

155. CONTD (2)

Karras turns and walks away toward entry to residence hall. Calling out after him:

KINDERMAN:
I lied! You look like Sal Mineo!

155A. EXT. ESTABLISHING BARRINGER CLINIC DAY

156. INT. ROOM IN BARRINGER CLINIC DAY

(1) Regan in another fit, in bed and restrained by straps. Clinic Director is in the room with other doctors observing. They are baffled.

156A. (2) Hospital corridor. Nurse walking to door to Regan's room. Pauses outside as hears curious rapping sound from within. She enters room. Dim nightlight illumination. The rappings have ceased. Regan is sleeping. Nurse checks her pulse, then frowns in wonderment as she spots something on Regan's chest. She parts Regan's pajama top to see better, and as she leans closer, she looks mystified. We now see that on Regan's chest, faintly, the letter "L", followed by a separation, then the letter "M", having risen up in blood-red, light bas-relief lettering on her skin.

157. INT. CLINIC DIRECTOR'S OFFICE DAY

The room is glass enclosed on two sides, so that we have a view in b.g. of a traffic of DOCTORS AND NURSES. Clinic Director and two of the Doctors from earlier clinic scenes are present. Chris sits in chair, taut and drawn. In the room, A CLOSED CIRCUIT TV MONITOR SHOWING REGAN IN THE HOSPITAL ROOM, IN A FIT, as:

CLINIC DIRECTOR:
People with very, very sensitive skin can just trace with a finger, and then a little while later it shows up. Not abnormal. Why an "L" and an "M", of course, we don't understand. In the meantime....

158. ANOTHER ANGLE (TIME LAPSE)

CLINIC DIRECTOR:
It looks like a type of disorder that you rarely ever see any more, except among primitive cultures. We call it somnambuliform possession. Quite frankly, we don't

158. CONTD

CLINIC DIRECTOR: (Contd)
know much about it except that it starts with some conflict or guilt that eventually leads to the patinet's delusion that his body's been invaded by an alien intelligence; a spirit, if you will. In times gone by, the entity possessing the victim is supposed to be a so-called demon, or devil.

159. FULL AT TV MONITOR (TIME LAPSE)

CHRIS:
Look, I'm telling you again and you'd better believe it, I'm not about to put her in a goddamn asylum!

CLINIC DIRECTOR:
It's --

CHRIS:
I don't care what you call it! I'm not going to put her away!

CLINIC DIRECTOR:
Well, I'm sorry.

CHRIS:
Yeah, sorry. Christ, eighty-eight doctors and all you can tell me with all of your bullshit....

160. ANOTHER ANGLE (TIME LAPSE)

CLINIC DIRECTOR:
There is one outside chance of a cure. I think of it as shock treatment. As I say, it's a very outside chance. But then since you're so opposed to your daughter being hospitalized --

CHRIS:
Will you name it, for God's sake? What is it?

CLINIC DIRECTOR:
Have you any religious beliefs?

CHRIS:
No, I don't.

160. CONTD

CLINIC DIRECTOR:
And your daughter?

CHRIS:
Why?

CLINIC DIRECTOR:
Have you ever heard of exorcism, Mrs. MacNeil?

CHRIS:
Come again.

CLINIC DIRECTOR:
It's a stylised ritual in which rabbis and priests try to drive out a so-called invading spirit. It's pretty much discarded these days, except by the Catholics who keep it in the closet as a sort of embarrassment. It has worked, in fact, although not for the reason they think, of course. It was purely the force of suggestion. The victim's belief in possession helped cause it; and in just the same way this belief in the power of exorcism can make it disappear.

CHRIS:
Jesus! Are you telling me to take her to a witch doctor?

161. EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF MACNEIL HOUSE FULL SHOT DAY

A limo has pulled up and Karl is exiting driver's seat and opening rear door while Sharon exits on right rear side. Karl reaches in and picks up a small figure (Regan) wrapped in a blanket from Chris in back seat. While Karl carries Regan toward door of MacNeil house where Willie is standing, anxiously watching, Chris exits car in deep depression.

162. INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM DAY

Regan is faced to side. Sharon is adjusting Sustagen flask used for a naso-gastric feeding. Karl is affixing a set of restraining straps to bed. Chris enters, standing by door and observing. Karl lets straps hang loose, nods to Sharon. Sharon starts out of room, pausing for a moment by door to look at Chris.

162. CONTD

Chris moves slowly forward to bedside and looks down at Regan. WE SEE now that Regan's face is torn and bloated with numerous scratch marks and scabs. Projecting hideously from her nostrils is the naso-gastric tubing. Karl has finished adjusting straps. He, too, now looks down at Regan. Two beats. He looks up at Chris.

KARL:
She is going to be well?

CHRIS:
(after a beat)
I don't know.

163. ANOTHER ANGLE

A beat. Then Chris leans and tenderly adjusts Regan's pillow. In the process, she discovers a crucifix under it made of white bone. She lifts it out, examining it, frowning. Then, at Karl:

CHRIS:
Who put this crucifix under her pillow?

163A. EXT. HOUSE - BEHIND KINDERMAN LOOKING UP TO REGAN'S WINDOW

164. INT. KITCHEN MACNEIL HOUSE DAY

Sharon, her coat still on, listless sorts through a mound of mail and messages. Willie is slicing carrots for a stew. Chris enters with crucifix.

CHRIS:
(to Sharon)
Was it you put this under her pillow?

SHARON:
(fuddled)
Whaddya mean?

CHRIS:
You didn't?

SHARON:
Chris, I don't even know what you're talking about. Listen, I told you ...

CHRIS:
(interjecting)
Yeah.

164. CONTD

SHARON:
All I've ever said to Rags is maybe "God made the world," and maybe things about --

CHRIS:
Fine, Sharon. Fine. I believe you, but --

WILLIE:
Me, I don't put it.

CHRIS:
This fucking cross didn't just walk up there, dammit! Now --

She is interrupted by the entrance of Karl.

KARL:
Please, madam, there is man here to see you.

CHRIS:
What man?

165. INT. ENTRY HALL MACNEIL HOUSE DAY

Kinderman stands waiting with hat in hand as Chris approaches. He shows I.D.

KINDERMAN:
I'd know that face in any lineup, Mrs. MacNeil.

CHRIS:
Am I in one?

166. INT. KITCHEN MACNEIL HOUSE DAY

Chris and Kinderman. On the breakfast table sits Regan's sculpt of the bird. It is set among the salt and pepper shakers and is now a decorative piece.

KINDERMAN:
(at Chris)
Might your daughter remember if perhaps Mr. Dennings was in her room that night?

CHRIS:
(vague apprehensiveness)
Why do you ask?

166. CONTD

KINDERMAN:
Might your daughter remember?

CHRIS:
Oh, no she was heavily sedated.

KINDERMAN:
It's serious?

CHRIS:
Yes, I'm afraid it is.

KINDERMAN:
May I ask ... ?

CHRIS:
We still don't know.

KINDERMAN:
Watch out for drafts. A draft in the fall when a house is hot, is a magic carpet for bacteria.

CHRIS:
Why are you asking all this?

KINDERMAN:
Strange ... strange ... so baffling. The deceased comes to visit, stays only twenty minutes without even seeing you, and leaves all alone here a very sick girl. And speaking plainly, Mrs. MacNeil, as you say, it's not likely he would fall from a window. Besides that, a fall wouldn't do to his neck what we found except maybe a chance in a thousand. My hunch? My opinion? I believe he was killed by a powerful man: point one. And the fracturing of his skull -- point two -- plus the various things I have mentioned, would make it very probable -- probable, not certain -- the deceased was killed and then afterwards pushed from your daughter's window. But no one was here except your daughter. So how could this be? It could be one way: if someone came calling between the time Miss Spencer left and the time you returned.

(CONTINUED)

166. CONTD

CHRIS:
(hoarsely; stunned)
Judas priest, just a second.

KINDERMAN:
The servants? They have visitors?

CHRIS:
Never. Not at all.

KINDERMAN:
You expected a package that day? Some delivery?

CHRIS:
Not that I know of.

KINDERMAN:
Dry cleaning, maybe? Groceries? Liquor? A package?

CHRIS:
I really wouldn't know. Karl handles all of that.

KINDERMAN:
Oh, I see.

CHRIS:
Want to ask him?

KINDERMAN:
Never mind, it's remote. You've got a daughter very sick, and -- well, never mind.

Chris rises.

CHRIS:
Would you like another cup of coffee?

Kinderman acknowledges in the affirmative. They move to Kitchen.

167. INT. MACNEIL KITCHEN

Kinderman follows Chris toward Sharon's working area. He notices Regan's artwork.

(CONTINUED)

167. CONTD

KINDERMAN:
Cute ... It's so cute. Your daughter? She's the artist?

Chris nods. Then:

KINDERMAN:
Incidentally, just a chance in a million, I know; but your daughter -- you could possibly ask her if she saw Mr. Dennings in her room that night?

CHRIS:
Look, he wouldn't have a reason to be up there in the first place.

KINDERMAN:
I know that; I realize; that's true; very true. But if certain British doctors never asked "What's this fungus?", we wouldn't today have penicillin. Correct?

CHRIS:
When she's well enough, I'll ask.

KINDERMAN:
Couldn't hurt. In the meantime ...
(they have come to the front door and Kinderman falters, embarrassed)
Look, I really hate to ask you; however ...

CHRIS:
(tensing)
What?

KINDERMAN:
For my daughter ... you could maybe give an autograph?

He has reddened, and Chris almost laughs with relief.

CHRIS:
Oh, of course. Where's a pencil?

KINDERMAN:
Right here!

(CONTINUED)

167. CONTD (2)

He has whipped out the stub of a chewed-up pencil from the pocket of his coat while he dipped his other hand in a pocket of his jacket and slipped out a calling card.

KINDERMAN:
She would love it.

CHRIS:
What's her name?

Chris presses the card against the door and poises pencil stub to write. There follows a weighty hesitation.

KINDERMAN:
(eyes desperate and defiant)
I lied. It's for me.
(fixes gaze on card and blushes)
Write 'To William F. Kinderman' -- it's spelled on the back.

Chris eyes him with a wan and unexpected affection, checks the spelling of his name and writes on card as:

KINDERMAN:
You know that film you made called "Angel?" I saw that film six times.

CHRIS:
If you were looking for the murderer, arrest the director.

KINDERMAN:
You're a very nice lady.

CHRIS:
You're a very nice man.

Kinderman exits. Chris leans against the door, thoughtful, for a moment. Then she moves on. Walking by door to basement we HEAR washing machine O.S.. Chris halts, then opens door and calls down:

CHRIS:
Willie.

No response. She starts down the stairs.

168. INT. BASEMENT PLAYROOM DAY

Chris comes down the stairs. Willie is working in the service area.

CHRIS:
Willie.

WILLIE:
Oh, yes, Madam.

CHRIS:
Look, never mind dinner tonight. I'm not hungry, and if anyone --

Her eye has fallen to a book that is lying open, face down, on top of the dryer. IN AN INSERT WE SEE THE TITLE: "A HISTORY OF WITCHCRAFT." Picking it up?

CHRIS:
You reading this?

WILLIE:
I try, but very difficult, Madam.

CHRIS:
Some illustrations.

WILLIE:
I find in Miss Regan bedroom.

Chris looks up at her. Dryer stops spinning and Willie turns away to take out the clothes. Chris resumes thumbing through the book. Abruptly she FREEZES, turning ashen. She holds gaze on book for a beat; then, numbly:

CHRIS:
Willie -- you found this in Regan's bedroom?

WILLIE:
Yes, Madam. Under bed.

Still numb, Chris runs a finger along edge of right-hand page, and in an INSERT, we see that a narrow strip -- in the manner of Burke Dennings -- has been surgically shaved from along its length.

169. ANOTHER ANGLE

Willie and Chris look up at SOUND from above, in Regan's bedroom, of a blow, of someone staggering across the room, of someone crashing to wall and falling heavily to ground. This is followed, as Chris

(CONTINUED)

169. CONTD

races upstairs, by an at-first indistinct altercation between a tearful and terror-stricken Regan, and someone else -- a man -- with a powerful and incredibly deep bass voice. Regan is pleading; the man commanding in obscene terms.

170. ANGLE AT CHRIST FROM TOP OF STEPS (SECOND FLOOR)

Rushing up, frenzied, while Willie and Sharon stare up from bottom of steps. We HEAR:

REGAN:
(o.s.)
No! Oh, no, don't! Don't -- !

DEEP BASS VOICE:
(o.s.)
Do it, damned piglet! You'll -- !

REGAN:
(o.s.)
No! Oh, no don't! Please, don't --

And in this manner, the VOICES continue -- and never overlapping -- while CAMERA TRACKS with Chris to door to Regan's bedroom.

171. INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM DAY

Chris bursts in, then stands rooted in shock, as we HEAR SOUND OF BED SHAKING VIOLENTLY, and the continuation of dialogue between Regan and the thundering deep MALE VOICE.

REGAN:
(o.s.)
Please! Oh, please don't m(-ake) -- !

MALE VOICE:
(o.s.)
You'll do as I tell you, filth!
You'll -- !

Chris has turned head to stare at:

172. P.O.V. AT KARL

Blood trickling down from forehead, he lies unconscious on floor near bureau. The CAMERA GOES TO BED disclosing Regan sitting up in a SIDE VIEW TO CAMERA, her legs propped wide apart and the bone-white crucifix clutched in rawknuckled hands that are upraised over

(CONTINUED)

172. CONTD

her head. She seems to be exerting a powerful effort to keep the crucifix UP, away from her vagina, which we cannot (AND WILL NOT) see, her nightgown pulled up to precisely that point. We see that her FACE ALTERS EXPRESSION to match each voice in the argument, BOTH OF WHICH ARE COMING FROM HER! When the deep male voice speaks through her mouth, the features instantaneously contort into a demonic grimace of malevolence and rage. Blood trickles down from Regan's nose. The nasogastric tubing has been ripped out. During the above:

REGAN:
Oh, no don't make me! Don't!

REGAN-DEMONIC:
You'll do it!

REGAN:
No! No, -- !

REGAN-DEMONIC:
Do it, stinking bitch! You'll do it! You'll do it or I'm going to kill you!

REGAN:
Nooooo!

REGAN-DEMONIC:
Yes, do it, do it, do- !

QUICK CUT TO:

173. CLOSE DOWN ANGLE AT REGAN

showing nothing from the waist down as with eyes wide and staring she seems to be flinching from the rush of some hideous finality, her mouth agape and shrieking in terror as she stares up at the upheld crucifix. Then the shriek ends as the demonic face once again takes over her features, and the piercing cry of terror elides into a yelping, gutteral laugh of malevolent spite and rage triumphant as the crucifix is plunged down and out of sight at Regan's vagina. The demonic face looks down, and we HEAR Regan-Demon roaring in that coarse deafening voice as the crucifix is repeatedly brought up and plunged down again, blood now spotting it as:

(CONTINUED)

173. CONTD

DEMON:
Yes, now you're mine, you stinking cow! You're mine, you're mine, you're -- !

Chris has raced in, screaming, grappling to take hold of the crucifix. We see blood on Regan's thighs, but NEVER THE VAGINA. The Demon first turns on Chris with a look of mindbending fury. Then:

DEMON:
Ahhh, little pig mother!

The Demon pulls Chris' head down, rubbing her face sensually against pelvic area, then lifts head and smashes Chris a blow across the chest that sends her reeling across room and crashing to a wall with stunning force while Demon laughs with bellowing spite. Chris crumples against wall near Karl. Willie arrives, staring in confusion and horror. Chris begins to pick herself up. She stares toward bed, her head bloodied, and begins to crawl painfully toward it.

DEMON:
Ah, there's my pearl, my sweet honey piglet!

174. MOVING SHOT AT BED CHRIS' P.O.V.

as she crawls closer. Regan now has back to CAMERA, looking down, and we know the crucifix is being used for masterbation.

DEMON:
Ahh! Yes, mine, you are mine, you are -- !

It breaks off and the Regan-Demon thing abruptly looks over shoulder at CAMERA (and Chris), which halts at the sight. The features of Regan's face seem to be those of Burke Dennings. Then it speaks in the British-accented giggly VOICE of the dead director.

REGAN-DENNINGS:
Do you know what she did, your cunting daughter?

175. CLOSE AT CHRIS SCREAMING IN HORROR

QUICK CUT TO:

176. EXT. 35TH STREET BRIDGE & CANAL AREA DAY

Chris. She wears oversized dark glasses and is leaning over bridge railing.

177. ANOTHER ANGLE

as Chris sees a large, powerfully built man wearing khakis, sweater and sturdy, scuffed white tennis shoes approaching her. She quickly looks away. Though she doesn't recognize him, we see it is Karras. Coming up beside her:

KARRAS:
Are you Chris MacNeil?

CHRIS:
Keep movin', creep.

KARRAS:
I'm Father Karras.

She reddens, jerks swiftly around.

CHRIS:
Oh, my God! Oh, I'm -- ! Jesus!

She is tugging at her sunglasses, flustered, and immediately pushing them back as the sad, dark eyes probe hers.

KARRAS:
I suppose I should have told you that I wouldn't be in uniform.

CHRIS:
Yeah, it would've been terrific. Got a cigarette, Father?

KARRAS:
(reaching into pocket of shirt)
Sure.

She lights up. After a deep exhalation of smoke:

CHRIS:
How'd a shrink ever get to be a priest?

KARRAS:
It's the other way around. The Society sent me through medical school and psychiatric training.

(CONTINUED)

177. CONTD

CHRIS:
Where?

KARRAS:
Oh, well, Harvard; John Hopkins, Bellevue, then --

CHRIS:
(over him)
You're a friend of Father Dyer's, that right?

KARRAS:
Yes, I am.

CHRIS:
Pretty close?

KARRAS:
Pretty close.

CHRIS:
Did he talk about the party?

KARRAS:
Yes.

CHRIS:
About my daughter?

KARRAS:
No, I didn't know you had one.

CHRIS:
Yeah, she's twelve. He didn't mention her?

KARRAS:
No.

CHRIS:
He didn't tell you what she did?

KARRAS:
He never mentioned her.

CHRIS:
Priests keep a pretty tight mouth, then; that right?

(CONTINUED)

177. CONTD (2)

KARRAS:
That depends.

CHRIS:
On what?

KARRAS:
On the priest.

CHRIS:
I mean, what if a person, let's say, was a criminal, like maybe a murderer or something, you know? If he came to you for help, would you have to turn him in?

KARRAS:
If he came to me for spiritual help, I'd say, no.

CHRIS:
You wouldn't.

KARRAS:
No, I wouldn't. But I'd try to persuade him to turn himself in.

CHRIS:
And how do you go about getting an exorcism?

KARRAS:
Beg pardon?

CHRIS:
If a person's possessed by some kind of a demon, how do you go about getting an exorcism?

KARRAS:
Well, first you'd have to put him in a time machine and get him back to the sixteenth century.

CHRIS:
(puzzled)
Didn't get you.

KARRAS:
Well, it just doesn't happen anymore, Miss MacNeil.

CHRIS:
Since when?

(CONTINUED)

177. CONTD (3)

KARRAS:
Since we learned about mental illness; about paranoia; dual personality; all of those things that they taught me at Harvard.

CHRIS:
You kidding?

KARRAS:
Many educated Catholics, Miss MacNeil, don't believe in the devil anymore; and as far as possession is concerned, since the day I joined the Jesuits I've never met a priest who's ever in his life performed an exorcism. Not one.

CHRIS:
Oh, really?
(a shaking hand to her sunglasses)
Well, it happens, Father Karras, that someone very close to me is probably possessed. She needs an exorcism. Will you do it?

She has slipped off the glasses and Karras feels momentary, wincing shock at the redness, at the desperate pleading in the haggard eyes.

CHRIS:
Father Karras, it's my <u>daughter</u>!

KARRAS:
(gently)
Then all the more reason to forget about exorcism and --

CHRIS:
(outburst in a cracking voice)
<u>Why</u>? God, I don't <u>understand</u>!

He takes her wrist in a comforting hand.

KARRAS:
To begin with it could make things worse.

CHRIS:
But <u>how</u>?

(CONTINUED)

177. CONTD (4)

KARRAS:
The ritual of exorcism is dangerously suggestive. And secondly, Miss MacNeil, before the church approves an exorcism, it conducts an investigation to see if it's warranted. That takes time. In the meantime, your --

CHRIS:
Couldn't you do the exorcism yourself?

KARRAS:
Look, every priest has the power to exorcise, but he has to have church approval, and frankly, it's rarely ever given, so -

CHRIS:
Can't you even look at her?

KARRAS:
Well, as a psychiatrist, yes, I could, but -

CHRIS:
She needs a priest! I've taken her to every goddamn fucking doctor psychiatrist in the world and they sent me to you! Now you send me to them!

KARRAS:
But your -

CHRIS:
(shrieking)
Jesus Christ, won't somebody help me!

She crumples against Karras' chest, moaning, with convulsive sobs.

CHRIS:
Help her! Help herp Oh, somebody ...

The final "help" elides into deep, throaty sobbing.

178. OMITTED

(CONTINUED)

179. INT. MACNEIL HOUSE STAIRCASE DAY

Chris and Karras are ascending staircase, Karras frowning in consternation at O.S. SOUND, from Regan's bedroom, of the demonic Voice threatening and raging. When they reach door to Regan's bedroom, we pick up Karl leaning against opposite wall, arms folded, head bowed.

KARL:
It wants no straps, still.

Karras stares at him; looks at door; exchanges looks with Chris. Then he grasps doorknob and starts to open door. He reacts, as to a noxious odor; then steels self.

180. INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM DAY

Reining back his revulsion, Karras enters slowly, scanning room; then freezes in horror. Arms held down by double set of restraining straps, it seems no longer Regan but the demonic entity that now lies on the bed, turning head to stare at Karras. The eyes bulge wide in wasted sockets, shining with mad cunning and burning intelligence, seething in a face shaped into a hideous mask of evil. The hair is tangled and thickly matted, and Regan's legs and arms are spider-thin, a distended stomach jutting up grotesquely. Karras reacts, then closes door and strives for an affable, conversational tone.

KARRAS:
Hello, Regan.
(fetching a chair to bedside)
I'm a friend of your mother's. I'd like to help you.

Regan tugs up wrists revealing double set of restraining straps. Her voice is a deep, male bass, thick with menace and power.

REGAN-DEMON
You might loosen these straps, then.

KARRAS:
Are they uncomfortable for you?

REGAN-DEMON
Extremely.

KARRAS:
I'm afraid you might hurt yourself, Regan.

(CONTINUED)

180. CONTD

REGAN-DEMON:
I am not Regan.

KARRAS:
Oh, I see. Well, then, maybe we should introduce ourselves. I'm Damien Karras. Who are you?

REGAN-DEMON:
I'm the devil. Now kindly undo these straps.

KARRAS:
If you're the devil, why not just make the straps disappear?

REGAN-DEMON
That's much too vulgar a display of power, Karras.

KARRAS:
Where's Regan?

REGAN-DEMON
She is in here with us, my friend; we are Legion.

KARRAS:
Show me Regan and --

181. CLOSE AT REGAN

The features are her own, now, and the eyes are filled with terror, her mouth gaping open in a soundless, electrifying shriek for help. But then quickly the Regan identity is replaced by a remolding of Regan's features into those of Denning's and we HEAR:

DENNINGS' VOICE
Won't you take off these straps, please? They're hurting me! Really!

And now Regan's face instantaneously is remolded back to the demonic.

REGAN-DEMON
(in the VOICE of the derelict in subway scene)
Couldjya help an old altar boy, Faddah? I'm Cat'lic.

182. AT KARRAS -- REACTING

as we HEAR the O.S. MOCKING LAUGHTER of the demon.

183. ANOTHER ANGLE

REGAN-DEMON
Incidentally, your mother is here with us, Karras. Do you wish to leave a message? I will see that she gets it.

And Karras is suddenly dodging a projectile stream of vomit, leaping out of his chair so that only his hand and portion of his sweater are hit. The demonic entity laughs mockingly.

KARRAS:
If that is true, then you must know my mother's maiden name? What is it?

Regan hisses at him, mad eyes gleaming, and her head gently undulating like a cobra's.

KARRAS:
What is it?

Regan, in an angry bellow that shivers through the walls of the room, begins to low like a steer. Her eyes then roll upwards into their sockets, exposing whites only. For a time, Karras watches, ashen, as the bellowing continues.

184. INT. CHRIS' BATHROOM AND HALL OFF BEDROOM LATE DAY

Karras' sweater is draped over shower pole as he washes hands at sink. Chris sits on edge of tub, anxiously fidgeting with towel in lap as she watches Karras. From down the hall, O.S., we HEAR varied ANIMAL SOUNDS.

KARRAS:
But your daughter doesn't say she's a demon, Mrs. MacNeil; she says she's the devil himself and if you've seen as many psychotics as I have, you'd know that's like saying you're Napoleon Bonaparte.

CHRIS:
Look, I'll tell you something, Father; you show me Regan's identical twin: Same face, same voice, same smell,
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

184. CONTD

CHRIS: (Contd)
same everything down to the way she dots her i's, and still I'd know in a second that it wasn't really her! I'd know it! I'd know it in my gut and I'm telling you I know that thing in there is not my daughter!
(she leans back drained)
Now you tell me what to do. Go ahead: You tell me that you know for a fact there's nothing wrong with my daughter except in her head; that you know for a fact that she doesn't need an exorcism; that you know it wouldn't do her any good. Go ahead! You tell me! You tell me what to do!

For long troubled seconds, the priest is still. Then he answers softly:

KARRAS:
Well, there's little in this world that I know for a fact.

Chris stares at him a brief beat, then rises and moves quickly out of bathroom. Karras frowns, hearing REGAN howling like a wolf. Chris returns with a framed photo of Regan and shows it to him.

CHRIS:
That's her. That's Regan. That was taken four months ago.

Karras is deeply affected.

KARRAS:
Look, I'm only against the chance of doing your daughter more harm than good.

CHRIS:
But you're talking now strictly as a psychiatrist, right?

KARRAS:
No, I'm talking now also as a priest. If I go to the Chancery office to get permission to perform
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

184. CONTD (1)

KARRAS: (Contd)
an exorcism, the first thing I'd have to have is a pretty substantial indication that your daughter's condition isn't a purely psychiatric problem. After that, I'd need evidence the Church would accept as signs of possession.

CHRIS:
Like what?

KARRAS:
(continuing)
Well, like her speaking in a language that she's never known or studied.

CHRIS:
And what else?

KARRAS:
I don't know. I'm going to have to look it up.

CHRIS:
I thought you were supposed to be an expert.

KARRAS:
You probably know more about demonic possession right now than most priests.

185. OMITTED

186. EXT. MACNEIL HOUSE NIGHT

Chris opens door for Karras. He steps out onto stoop carrying the witchcraft book and a slender box containing a tape recording.

KARRAS:
Did your daughter know a priest was coming over?

CHRIS:
No. No, nobody knew but me.

KARRAS:
Did you know that my mother had died just recently?

(CONTINUED)

186. CONTD

CHRIS:
Yes, I'm very sorry.

KARRAS:
Is Regan aware of it?

CHRIS:
Why?

KARRAS:
Is she aware of it?

CHRIS:
No, not at all.

He nods.

CHRIS:
Why'd you ask?

KARRAS:
(shrugging)
Not important. I just wondered.

He studies her for a moment without expression; then quickly moves away. Chris watches from the doorway. Karras crosses the street. At the corner, he drops the book and stoops quickly to retrieve it, then rounds the corner and vanishes from sight. Chris closes the door. And now the CAMERA DISCLOSES Kinderman observing house from an unmarked car parked a little down the street, toward campus library.

187. EXT. PROSPECT STREET NIGHT

Kinderman frowns in puzzlement as he sees something: in the window of Regan's bedroom (the shutters are partially open), a suggestion of a slender figure (Regan?) quickly ducking away from sight. We go back to Kinderman, thoughtful. He does not see the shutter slowly pulled shut.

188. EXT. G. U. LANGUAGE LAB NIGHT

Karras enters.

189. INT. LANGUAGE LAB NIGHT

Karras sits before a tape recorder, wearing earphones. We HEAR TAPE HISS at first. Then:

(CONTINUED)

189. CONTD

REGAN'S VOICE:
(normal)
Hello ...

Whining feedback.

CHRIS' VOICE:
(hushed in b.g.)
Not so close to the microphone, honey.
Hold it back.

REGAN'S VOICE:
Like this?

CHRIS: VOICE:
No, more.

REGAN'S VOICE:
Like this?

CHRIS' VOICE:
Yeah, okay. Go ahead, now. Just talk.

REGAN'S VOICE:
(muffled giggling; then:)
Hello, Daddy? This is me.
(giggling; then a whispered aside)
I can't tell what to say.

CHRIS' VOICE:
Oh, just tell him how you are, Rags, and what you've been doin'.

Karras' look grows more and more haunted as he listens.

REGAN'S VOICE:
Umm, Daddy -- well, ya see; I mean I hope you can hear me okay and -- let's see. Umm, well, first we're - No, wait, now ... See, first we're in Washington, Daddy, ya know? It's -- No, wait, now; I better start over. See, Daddy, there's ...

190. EXT. DAHLGREN CHAPEL ON G. U. CAMPUS DAWN

Karras enters.

191. INT. DAHLGREN CHAPEL DAWN

Karras vests in vestment room. We follow him into church.

191A. ANOTHER ANGLE (TIME LAPSE) KARRAS AT ALTAR

KARRAS:
"Thou shalt turn again, O God, and quicken us. And Thy people shall rejoice in Thee. Show us Thy mercy, O Lord, and grant us Thy salvation. O Lord, hear my prayer. And let my cry come unto Thee."

192. ANOTHER ANGLE (TIME LAPSE)

Karras lifts the Communion Host in consecration. It trembles in his fingers with a hope he dares not hope.

KARRAS:
"The day before he suffered he took bread in his sacred hands and looking up to heaven, to you, his almighty Father, he gave you thanks and praise. He broke the bread, gave it to his disciples, and said: Take this, all of you, and eat it: For this is my body."

Then :

"When supper ended, again he gave you thanks and praise, gave the cup to his disciples and said: Take this all of you and drink from it. This is the cup of my blood, the blood of the new and everlasting covenant, the mystery of faith. It will be shed for you and for all men so that sins may be forgiven. Do this in memory of me.

193. INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM DAY

CLOSE at tape recorder. A full reel is just beginning to wind onto empty reel. A microphone is propped in position. Karras sits at foot of bed. He is in his clerical robes.

REGAN-DEMON:
Hello, Karras. What an excellent day for an exorcism. Do begin it soon.

(CONTINUED)

193. CONTD

KARRAS:
(puzzled)
You would like that?

REGAN-DEMON:
Intensely.

KARRAS:
But wouldn't that drive you out of Regan?

REGAN-DEMON:
It would bring us together.

KARRAS:
You and Regan?

REGAN-DEMON:
You and us.

Karras stares and then reacts as he feels something cold and unseen at his neck. Then he jerks his head around at a loud, sudden banging sound. O.S. a bureau drawer has popped open, sliding out its entire length. The demon bursts into hysterical, gleeful laughter.

KARRAS:
You did that?

REGAN-DEMON
Assuredly.

KARRAS
Do it again.

REGAN-DEMON
In time, in time. But mirabile dictu, don't you agree?

KARRAS:
(startled)
You speak Latin?

REGAN-DEMON
Ego te absolvo.

The demon chuckles.

KARRAS:
(excitedly)
Quod nomen mihi est?

REGAN-DEMON:
Bon jour.

KARRAS:
(persistent)
Quod nomen mihi est?

193. CONTD (1)

REGAN-DEMON
Bon nuit. La plume de ma tante.

The demon laughs full and mockingly. Karras holds up a small vial of water that he has had cupped in his hand. The demon abruptly breaks off the laughter.

REGAN-DEMON:
(warily)
What is that?

KARRAS:
Holy water.

Karras has uncapped the vial and now sprinkles its contents over Regan. Instantly, Regan (Demon) writhes to avoid the spray, howling in pain and terror.

REGAN-DEMON:
Ahhhhhhhhhhhh! It burns me! It burns! It burns! Ah, cease, priest, bastard! Cease! Ahhhhhhhh!

Karras looks disappointed. The howling ceases and Regan's head falls back onto pillow. Regan's eyes roll upward into their sockets, exposing the whites. Regan-Demon is now rolling head feverishly from side to side muttering an indistinct gibberish:

REGAN-DEMON:
I'drehtellteeson. Dobetni tee siti. Leafy. Tseerpet reef. Emitsuvig.

Karras is intrigued and moves to side of bed. He turns up volume on recorder, then lowers his ear to Regan's mouth to pick it up. He listens. The gibberish ceases and is replaced by deep and raspy breathing. Karras straightens up.

KARRAS:
Who are you?

REGAN-DEMON
Nowonmai ... Nowonmai ...

KARRAS:
Is that your name?

The lips move. Fevered syllables, slow and unintelligible. Then it ceases.

(CONTINUED)

193. CONTD (2)

KARRAS:
Are you able to understand me?

Silence. Only the eerie sound of breathing. Karras waits a little; then he shakes head, disappointed. He grips Regan's wrist to check her pulse; then he draws back Regan's nightgown top and looks with pained expression at the sight of her skeletal ribs. He shakes his head.

194. INT. MACNEIL HOUSE STUDY

Chris is at bar. Karras enters.

KARRAS:
I'm not hopeful I could ever get permission from the Bishop.

CHRIS:
Why not?

He holds up the empty vial.

KARRAS:
I just told her this was holy water; when I sprinkled it on her, she reacted very violently.

CHRIS:
And so?

KARRAS:
It's just ordinary tap water.

CHRIS:
Christ, who gives a shit! She's dying! What's the difference between holy water and tap water, anyway?

KARRAS:
Holy water is blessed.

CHRIS:
Oh, Christ!

KARRAS:
Where's her father?

CHRIS:
In Europe.

(CONTINUED)

194. CONTD

KARRAS:
Have you told him what's happening?

CHRIS:
No!

KARRAS:
Well, I think it would help if he were here. It's --

CHRIS:
(over him)
I've asked you to drive a demon out, goddammit, not ask another one in! What the hell good is Howard right now? What's the good?

KARRAS:
There's a strong possibility that Regan's disorder is caused by her guilt over --

CHRIS:
(mysterical)
Guilt over what?

KARRAS:
It could --

CHRIS:
Over the divorce? All that psychiatric bullshit?

KARRAS:
It's --

CHRIS:
She's guilty 'cause she killed Burke Dennings! She killed him! She killed him and they'll put her away!

195. INT. LANGUAGE LAB. NIGHT

Karras and Language Lab Director FRANK, are listening to tail-end of recording of Karras' last session with Regan. Karras is tense.

KARRAS
Well, all right, is it a language or not?

(CONTINUED)

195. CONTD

FRANK
Oh, I'd say it was a language all right. It's English.

KARRAS:
It's what?

Frank is threading another tape onto the recorder.

FRANK:
I thought you were putting me on. It's just English in reverse. I've pulled your questions, flipped the responses, and respliced them in sequence.
(pushing playback button)
Here, you just play it backwards.

197. INT. KARRAS' ROOM NIGHT

Karras sits in front of tape recorder listening to an eerie, unearthly series of various WHISPERED VOICES.

TAPE RECORDER:
(First Voice)
Let her die!

(Second Voice)
No, no, sweet! It is sweet in the body! I feel!

(Third Voice)
Fear the priest.

(Second Voice)
Give us time.

(Third Voice)
He is ill.

(Fourth Voice)
No, not this one. The other. The one who will -

Second Voice interrupting:

(Second Voice)
Ah, the blood! Feel the blood! How it sings!

(CONTINUED)

197. CONTD

TAPE RECORDER: (Contd)
(Karras' Voice)
Who are you?

(First Voice)
I am no one.

(Karras' Voice)
Is that your name?

(Second Voice)
I have no name.

(First Voice)
I am no one.

(Third Voice)
Many.

(Fourth Voice)
Let us be. Let us warm in the body.

(Second Voice)
Leave us.

(Third Voice)
Let us be, Karras.

(First Voice)
Merrin ... Merrin.

PHONE RINGS. Karras leaps for it.

KARRAS:
(urgently)
Hello, yes? ... Be right over.

197. EXT. PROSPECT STREET NEAR THE HOUSE NIGHT

Very late. No traffic noise. Karras is hastily crossing, throwing on a sweater.

198. INT. ENTRY OF MACNEIL HOUSE NIGHT

Sharon, wearing sweater and holding a flashlight, has the door open, waiting as Karras comes up step. At door, she puts a finger to her lips for quiet. She beckons him in and closes door silently and carefully.

(CONTINUED)

198. CONTD

SHARON:
(whispering)
I don't want to wake Chris. I don't think she ought to see this.

She beckons him to follow.

199. INT. SECOND FLOOR HALL BY REGAN'S DOOR NIGHT

The house is darkened. Karras and Sharon are silently approaching. Sharon carefully opens door, enters, and beckons Karras into room.

200. INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM AT DOOR NIGHT

As he enters and Sharon closes door, Karras reacts as if to extreme cold. His breath, like Sharon's is frostily condensing in the chill air of the room. He looks at Sharon with wonder.

201. ANOTHER ANGLE

as Karras and Sharon approach the bedside. The room is dark except for a night light glow. Sharon has flashlight on now, trained low. They stop by bed. Regan seems to be in coma, the whites of her eyes glowing eerily in the dim light. Heavy breathing. Karras takes her wrist to check her pulse. The naso-gastric tube is in place, Sustagen seeping into Regan's motionless body. Beads of perspiration on Regan's forehead. Sharon is bending, gently pulling Regan's pajama tops wide apart, exposing her chest. Karras wipes a little perspiration off Regan's forehead, then stares at it on his fingers, rubbing them together with deeper consternation. Then he looks up at Sharon, feeling her gaze upon him.

SHARON:
(whispering)
I don't know if it's stopped. But watch. Just keep looking at her chest.

Karras follows her instruction. One beat. Two. Then, flipping flashlight beam onto Regan's chest:

SHARON:
(whispering)
There! There, it's coming!

Karras leans face closer to observe, then halts, shocked at:

202. P.O.V. REGAN'S CHEST

Rising up slowly on her skin in blood-red, bas-relief script are two words:

help me

203. CLOSE AT SHARON AND KARRAS REACTING

204. OMITTED

205A. INT. HEALY BUILDING HALLWAY, GROUND FLOOR DAY

Karras walks down Hallway toward stairs.

205B. INT. HEALY BUILDING MAIN STAIRWAY DAY

Karras climbs stairs and enters Cardinal's outer office.

205. INT. CARDINAL'S OFFICE DAY

In the room, Karras and the Cardinal,

CARDINAL:
You're convinced that it's genuine.

Karras looks down thinking for a moment.

KARRAS:
I don't know. No, not really. But I've made a prudent judgment that it meets the conditions set forth in the Ritual.

CARDINAL:
You would want to do the Exorcism yourself?

Karras nods.

CARDINAL:
How's your health?

KARRAS:
All right.

CARDINAL:
Well, we'll see. It might be best to have a man with experience. Maybe someone who's spent time in the foreign missions. Let's see who's around. In the meantime I'll call you as soon as I know.

206. INT. GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT'S OFFICE DAY

PRESIDENT:
Well, he does know the background. I doubt there's any danger in just

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

206. CONTD

PRESIDENT: (Contd)
having him assist. There should be a psychiatrist present, anyway.

CARDINAL:
And what about the exorcist? Any ideas? I'm blank.

PRESIDENT:
Well, now, Lankester Merrin's around.

CARDINAL:
Merrin? I had a notion he was over in Iraq. I think I read he was working on a dig around Nineveh.

PRESIDENT:
That's right. But he finished and came back around three or four months ago, Mike. He's at Woodstock.

CARDINAL:
What's he doing there? Teaching?

PRESIDENT:
No, he's working on another book.

CARDINAL:
Don't you think he's too old, though, Tom? How's his health?

PRESIDENT:
Well, it must be all right or he wouldn't be running around digging up tombs, don't you think?

CARDINAL:
Yes, I guess so.

PRESIDENT:
And besides, he's had experience, Mike.

CARDINAL:
I didn't know that.

PRESIDENT:
Maybe ten or twelve years ago, I think, in Africa. Supposedly the exorcism lasted for months. I heard it damn near killed him.

207. EXT. PROSPECT STREET IN FRONT OF HOUSE NIGHT

A cab pulls up to house in LONG SHOT. Out from the cab steps a tall, old priest (MERRIN), carrying a battered valise. A hat obscures his face. As the cab pulls away, Merrin stands rooted, staring up at second floor of MacNeil house like a melancholy traveler frozen in time.

208. INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM

Regan is apparently unconscious, her features recomposed into her own in the normal state, (as happens whenever she's unconscious). Sharon is winding sphygmanometer wrappings around Regan's arm while Karras pinches Regan's Achilles tendon, checking her sensitivity to pain. During this:

SHARON:
Four hundred milligrams in less than two hours! That's enough to put an army out!

Karras nods; silently takes Regan's blood pressure.

KARRAS:
90 over 60.

209. INT. ENTRY TO MACNEIL HOUSE NIGHT

Chris opens door, disclosing Merrin, face still shaded by hat, and Roman collar by coat buttoned at top.

CHRIS:
Yes?

MERRIN:
(reaching for hat)
Mrs. MacNeil? I'm Father Merrin.

And now we SEE it is the OLD MAN in Khaki from opening sequence.

CHRIS:
(flustered)
Oh, my gosh, please come in! Oh come in!

Suddenly, Chris flinches at a SOUND from above: the voice of the Demon, booming, yet muffled, like amplified premature burial.

REGAN-DEMON:
(o.s.)
Merriiiinnnnnnnnn!

(CONTINUED)

209. CONTD

CHRIS:
God almighty!

REGAN-DEMON:
(o.s.)
Merriiinnnnnnn!

Karl steps incredulous from the study and Karras comes out from the kitchen. Merrin turns and puts hand out to Karras.

MERRIN:
(warmly; serene)
Father Karras.

KARRAS:
Hello, Father. Such an honor to meet you.

Merrin takes Karras' hand in both of his, searching Karras' face with a look of gravity and concern while upstairs the demonic laughter segues into vicious obscenities directed at Merrin.

MERRIN:
Are you tired?

KARRAS:
No, Father.

MERRIN:
I should like you to go quickly across to the residence and gather up a cassock for myself, two surplices, a purple stole, some holy water, and your copy of "The Roman Ritual." The large one. I believe we should begin.

KARRAS:
Don't you want to hear the background of the case, first?

MERRIN:
Why?

210. EXT. RESIDENCE HALL AREA NIGHT

Karras, in his cassock, is crossing swiftly toward house carrying a cardboard laundry box.

210A. EXT. MACNEIL HOUSE NIGHT

Karras enters.

211. INT. STUDY OF MACNEIL HOUSE NIGHT

Karras and Merrin are dressing in vestments taken out of laundry box.

MERRIN:
Expecially important is the warning to avoid conversations with the demon. We may ask what is relevant, but anything beyond that is dangerous. Extremely. Especially, do not listen to anything he says. The demon is a liar. He will lie to confuse us; but he will also mix lies with the truth to attack us. The attack is psychological, Damien. And powerful. Do not listen. Remember that. Do not listen.
(as Karras hands him surplice)
Is there anything at all you would like to ask now?

KARRAS:
No. But I think that it might be helpful if I gave you some background on the different personalities that Regan has manifested. So far, I'd say there seem to be three.

MERRIN:
(haunted expression)
There is only one.

212- OMITTED
213.

214. INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING AT STAIRS NIGHT

Merrin and Karras, fully vested, Roman Rituals in their hands, slowly come to stairs and ascend in single file, Karras back of Merrin.

215. ANGLE DOWN HALL FROM OUTSIDE ROOM

as the priests approach. Chris and Sharon, bundled in sweaters, watch them. The priests halt by them; look at them a moment, then:

MERRIN:
What is your daughter's middle name?

215. CONTD

CHRIS:
Teresa.

MERRIN:
What a lovely name.

He nods; then looks to door. The others follow suit.

MERRIN:
(continuing; nods to Karras)
All right.

Karras opens door, disclosing Karl sitting in corner wearing a heavy hunting jacket, a look of bewilderment and fear on his face as he looks toward us. Merrin hangs motionless for a moment.

216. INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM

Merrin, just outside the door, staring in at:

217. REGAN-DEMON

lifting head from pillow, staring at Merrin with burning eyes.

218. ANOTHER ANGLE

as Merrin steps into the room, followed by Karras, Chris and Sharon. Karras sees door is open, closes it. Merrin goes to side of bed while Karras moves to its foot. They halt. (NOTE: "The room is freezing. Breath is condensing throughout.) A beat. Regan licks a wolfish, blackened tongue across dried lips with a SOUND like parchment being smoothed over. Then:

REGAN-DEMON:
Proud scum! This time you are going to lose!

Regan tilts back head and laughs gleefully. Merrin traces the sign of the cross above her, then repeats the gesture at Karras and Karl, and as he plucks the cap from holy water vial in his hand, the demonic laughter breaks off. Merrin begins sprinkling the holy water on Regan, and she jerks head up, mouth and neck muscles trembling as she bellows inchoately with hatred and fury. Then:

MERRIN:
Be silent!

(CONTINUED)

218. CONTD

The words have flung forth like bolts. Karras has flinched and jerked his head around in wonder at Merrin, who stares commandingly at Regan. The demon is silent, returning his stare with eyes now hesitant, blinking and wary. Merrin caps the holy water vial routinely and returns it to Karras, who slips it in his pocket and watches as Merrin kneels down beside the bed and closes his eyes in murmured prayer:

MERRIN:
'Our Father, who art in ... '

Regan spits and hits Merrin in the face with a yellowish glob of mucus that oozes slowly down the exorcist's cheek. His head still bowed, Merrin plucks a handkerchief out of his pocket and serenely, unhurriedly wipes away the spittle as:

MERRIN:
' ... heaven, hallowed by Thy name. Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day, our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation.'

KARRAS:
'And deliver us from the evil one.'

Karras briefly looks up. Regan's eyes are rolling upwards into their sockets until only the whites are exposed. Karras looks uneasy, then returns to his text to follow as Merrin now stands, praying reverently:

MERRIN:
'God and Father of Our Lord Jesus Christ, I appeal to your holy name, humbly begging your kindness, that you may graciously grant me help against this unclean spirit now tormenting this creature of yours; through Christ our Lord.'

KARRAS:
'Amen.'

As Merrin continues reading, Karras again glances up as he hears Regan hissing, sitting erect with the whites of her eyes exposed while her tongue flicks in and out

(CONTINUED)

223. CONTD

Karras doesn't hear it; a beat.

MERRIN:
Damien.

Karras turns to Merrin. We SEE him eyeing Karras serenely as he motions with his head at copy of the RITUAL in Karras' hands.

MERRIN:
The response, please, Damien.

Karras, still dumbfounded, glances again to the bed. Then he collects himself and looks down at his text.

KARRAS:
(excited)
'And the son of iniquity be powerless to harm her.'

MERRIN:
'Lord, hear my prayer.'

KARRAS:
'And let my cry come unto Thee.'

Here Merrin reaches up his hand in a workaday manner and traces the sign of the cross unhurriedly three times on Regan's brow while:

MERRIN:
(continuing to read ALOUD)
' ... Almighty Father, everlasting God, who sent your only begotten Son into the world to crush that roaring lion ... '

The hissing ceases and from the taut-stretched "O" of Regan's mouth comes the nerve-shredding lowing of a steer, growing shatteringly louder and louder as:

MERRIN:
(continuing)
' ... snatch from ruination and from the clutches of the noonday devil this human being made in your image.'

Merrin reaches his hand up again (still reading aloud) and presses a portion of his purple stole to Regan's neck. Abruptly, the bellowing ceases and in the ringing silence

(CONTINUED)

223. CONTD (1)

a thick and putrid greenish vomit begins to pump from Regan's mouth in slow and regular, sickening spurts that ooze like lava over her lip and flow in waves onto Merrin's hand, which he does not move as we now HEAR:

MERRIN:
(continuing)
'God and Lord of all creation, by whose might Satan was made to fall from heaven like lightning, strike terror into the beast now laying waste your vineyard. Let your Mighty hand cast out this cruel demon from this creature. Drive out this persecutor of the innocent ... '

The bed begins to rock lazily, and then to pitch, and then suddenly is violently dipping and yawing. During this, the vomit still pumping from Regan's mouth, Merrin routinely makes adjustments, keeping the stole firmly to Regan's neck.

During the latter part of the prayer, the bed has ceased its movements and floated with a cushioned thud to the rug, and Karras now stares mesmerized at Merrin's hand buried under the thick and mounded vomit.

MERRIN:
Damien?

Karras turns to him blankly.

MERRIN:
'Lord, hear my prayer.'

KARRAS:
(turning to bed)
'And let my cry come unto Thee.'

Now Merrin takes a step back and jolts the room with the lash of his voice as he commands:

MERRIN:
'I cast you out, unclean spirit, along with every satanic power of the enemy! every spectre from hell! every savage companion! It is Christ who commands you, He who flung you headlong from the heights of Heaven! You robber of life! You
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

223. CONTD (2)

MERRIN: (Contd)
corrupter of justice! You
investor of every obscenity!

Regan has ceased vomiting, Karras moves slowly around to bedside and reaches down, checking Regan's pulse. She is silent and unmoving. Into icy air, thin mists of vapor waft upward from the vomit like a reeking offering. And now Karras lifts his eyes, staring, as with nightmare slowness, a fraction at a time, Regan's head turns toward him, swiveling like a mannequin's and creaking with the sound of a rusted mechanism until the dread and glaring whites of the eyes are fixed directly on Karras. And now Karras glances up warily as the lights in the room begin flickering, dimming, then fade to an eerie, pulsing amber. Regan turns back toward Merrin, and now a muffled POUNDING jolts the room; then another; and another, and then steadily, the splintering sound of throbbing at a ponderous rate like the beating of a heart that is massive and diseased.

MERRIN:
(o.s.)
'Why do you stand and resist, knowing as you must that Christ the Lord brings your plans to nothing. He has already stripped you of your powers and laid waste your kingdom. He has cast you forth into the outer darkness. To what purpose do you brazenly refuse? For you are guilty before almighty God, whose laws you have transgressed. You are guilty before his Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, whom you dared to nail to the cross. You are guilty before the whole human race.'

MERRIN:
(oblivious)
'Depart, you monster! Your place is in solitude! Your abode is in a nest of vipers! Get down and crawl with them! It is God Himself who commands you ... '

(CONTINUED)

223. CONTD (3)

Merrin continues and now the poundings begin to come steadily louder, faster, until Sharon cries out, pressing fists against her ears as the poundings grow deafening and now suddenly accelerate to a terrifying tempo. And then abruptly the poundings cease and Merrin's prayer comes through in the silence.

MERRIN:
'Oh, God of Heaven and earth, God of the angels and arch-angels ...'

OVER the continued recitation, we HEAR the return of the demon as the flickering haze grows gradually brighter.

REGAN-DEMON:
(raging at Merrin)
Hypocrites!

Liar! Proud bastard! Go back to the mountain top and speak to your only equal!

MERRIN:
(o.s.)
'God who has power to bestow life after death and rest after toil.'
(o.s.; continuing)
'I humbly entreat you to deliver this servant of yours, Regan Theresa MacNeil, from the unclean spirit.'

224-
225- AT MERRIN
226.

MERRIN:
'I adjure you, ancient serpent, by the judge of the living and the dead, by your ... '

227. ANGLE AT REGAN

As Merrin continues, O.S. (remainder of material in appendix), Regan begins to emit various animal noises, and Karras, a hypodermic syringe in one hand, moves to bedside, nodding for Chris and Sharon to approach. As he does, the Dennings personality takes over in Regan, turning to plead with Karras:

REGAN-DENNINGS:
What the hebl are you doing, Karras? Can't you see the little bitch should be in a hospital? She belongs in a madhouse! It's --

(CONTINUED)

227. CONTD

The entity breaks off, jerking head toward Chris, as Chris and Sharon come to bedside.

REGAN-DEMON:
Ah, the mother of piglet! Yes, come see your handiwork, sow!

While Sharon and Chris pin Regan's arms, Karras administers the injection.

REGAN-DEMON:
(continuing; at Chris)
See the puke! See the murderous bitch! Are you pleased! It is you who has done it! Yes, you with your career before her, before husband, before -- !

KARRAS:
(at Chris)
All right, swab it! Swab the arm! Over here!
(as Chris moves)
And don't listen! Don't -- !

REGAN-DEMON
--anything! The divorce is the cause of her illness! Go to priests, will you! Priests will not help! She is mad! You have driven her to madness and to murder! You have driven her into her grave! She -- !

And now the Demon has jerked its head around to Karras, eyes bulging with fury.

REGAN-DEMON:
And you, bastard! You!

Chris has swabbed Regan's arm and as Karras flicks the needle into wasted flesh:

KARRAS:
(at Chris)
Now get out!

As Chris flees the room we are:

228. AT DEMON

REGAN-DEMON:
Yes, we know of your kindness to mothers!

229. AT KARRAS

His head is lowered as he extracts the needle, and we HEAR O.S. mocking LAUGHTER of the Demon. Karras blanches and for a moment does not move.

229A. ANOTHER ANGLE

MERRIN:
(continuing adjuration)
"The mystery of the Cross commands you! The faith of the saints and the martyrs commands you! The blood of Christ commands you! The prayers of -- "

Merrin breaks off and looks up at hearing the demon cry in sudden pain, as well as anger. He repeats the line that produced this effect:

MERRIN:
"The blood of Christ commands you!"

Same reaction; greater.

MERRIN:
"The blood of Christ commands you."

Midway through the word "command", however, a prolonged howl of pain and rage from:

REGAN-DEMON:
Daaaammmm youuuuu, Merrrriiinnnn!

But the cry of "Merrin" gives way to a prolonged exhalation of breath, almost as in death. And now from Regan comes the slow, lilting singing -- in a sweet clear voice like a choirboy's -- of a hymn sung at Catholic benediction: "Tantum Ergo."

230. AT REGAN DEMON

The whites of the eyes are exposed. The singing.

231. A FULL ANGLE REGAN, KARRAS

as Merrin appears with a towel. He wipes the vomit from Regan's face with tender, weary movements. Sharon enters room and comes to bed. She takes the towel from Merrin's hands.

SHARON:
I'll finish that, Father.

Karras checks Regan's pulse.

KARRAS:
(at Sharon)
Clean her up, please, and give her half of a 25 milligram Compazine suppository.

232. INT. HALL OUTSIDE REGAN'S BEDROOM

In the dimness, Merrin and Karras lean against wall, their faces numb with shock as they stare at door to Regan's room. O.S. SINGING continues.

KARRAS:
Father, what's going on in there? What is it? If that's the Devil, why this girl? It makes no sense.

MERRIN:
I think the point is to make us despair, Damian -- to see ourselves as animal and ugly -- to reject our own humanity -- to reject the possibility that God could ever love us.

It has an impact. Karras thinks. Then:

MERRIN:
Excuse me.

233. MERRIN

hurries down hall out of sight of Karras, then takes out a pill box, extracts a nitro-glycerin tablet and places it under his tongue. Karras turns to door as Sharon emerges with bundle of fouled bedding and clothing. Karras takes a deep breath and enters.

234. OMITTED

235. INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM NIGHT

Regan sleeps but Karras' frosty breath tells us the air in the room is still icy. He shivers. Then he walks to the bedside, reaches down and grips Regan's wrist to take her pulse. As he stares at sweepsecond hand of wristwatch, we are CLOSE AT KARRAS and we HEAR THE VOICE OF KARRAS' MOTHER.

REGAN-MOTHER:
(o.s.)
You leave me to be priest, Dimmy. Send me institution. Why? Why you do dis?

Karras is almost trembling with the effort to keep from looking at Regan's face. And now the VOICE grows frightened and tearfully imploring.

(CONTINUED)

235. CONTD

REGAN-MOTHER:
You always good boy, Dimmy. Please! I am 'fraid! Please don't chase me outside, Dimmy! Please!

KARRAS:
(vehement whisper)
You're not my mother!

REGAN-MOTHER:
Dimmy, please!

KARRAS:
You're not my -- !

236. INTERCUT REGAN KARRAS

as the Demonic entity now returns, raging:

REGAN-DEMON:
Won't you face the truth! You believe what Merrin tells you? You believe him to be holy? Well, he is not! And I will prove it! I will prove it by killing the piglet!
(grinning)
Feel her pulse, Karras! Feel it!

Karras looks down at the wrist still gripped in his hand.

REGAN-DEMON
Somewhat rapid, Karras? Yes. But what else? As, yes, feeble.

As Karras leans quickly to his medical bag and extracts stethoscope:

REGAN-DEMON:
(a laugh; then as Karras puts instrument to chest)
Listen, Karras! Listen! Listen, well!

Karras looks very worried. Demon laughs. Then, as Merrin enters:

(CONTINUED)

236. CONTD

REGAN-DEMON:
I will not let her sleep!

The Demon puts its head back in prolonged, hideous laughter, Karras staring numbly. Merrin comes to bedside and looks at Regan, then at Karras' stunned expression.

MERRIN:
What is it?

KARRAS:
Her heart's begun to work inefficiently, Father. If she doesn't get rest soon, she'll die from cardiac exhaustion.

MERRIN:
(alarmed)
Can't you give her drugs?

KARRAS:
No, she might go into coma. If her blood pressure drops any more ...

237. EXT. SUNRISE SHOT AT HOUSE ACROSS POTOMAC

238. OMITTED

239. INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM

Merrin is fighting sleep. Regan is grunting like a pig, whites of eyes exposed. Karras is checking Regan's heartbeat, and then her pulse, and then wraps black sphygmomanometer cloth around Regan's arm to take a blood pressure reading. Both priests have blankets draped over their shoulders. Their breath is condensing in the frosty air of the room.

REGAN-MOTHER
I not good to you, Dimmy? Why you leave me to die all alone?

Merrin is at his side, clutching at his arm and trying to draw him away, Karras resisting, his gaze fixed trancelike on the O.S. face.

MERRIN:
Damien!

(CONTINUED)

239. CONTD

REGAN-MOTHER:
Why, Dimmy?

MERRIN:
Go and rest for awhile!

241. AT REGAN

The features and eyes are subtly reminiscent of Karras' mother, but vividly evident is the large, circular mole that the mother had on her right cheek.

REGAN-MOTHER
Dimmy, please!

MERRIN:
Go and rest!

Reluctantly, Karras leaves. Merrin, after a beat, turns to Regan, the demonic entity reappears.

REGAN-DEMON:
(seething whisper)
You will lose!

242. INT. MACNEIL HOUSE KITCHEN LATE DAY

Chris is sitting at breakfast nook looking at an album of photographs. She's on the verge of tears. Karras enters kitchen, pauses as he sees Chris.

CHRIS:
(a sniffle)
There's coffee there, Father.

Chris moves quickly past Karras with her face averted.

CHRIS:
Excuse me.

She exits kitchen. Karras' gaze shifts to album. We see that these are candid photos of Regan. In one photograph, she is blowing out candles on a birthday cake. In another, she is sitting on a lake-front dock in shorts and T-shirt with "Camp Brown Ledge" stencilled on the front. Karras is deeply affected. Close to a breakdown, he puts a trembling hand to brow, with a fervently whispered, desperate:

KARRAS:
God ... God help ...

(CONTINUED)

242. CONTD

CAMERA FOLLOWS him as he leaves kitchen. Passing the living room, he HEARS sobbing from within. Looking in, he sees Chris on sofa convulsively weeping. Sharon, beside her, is comforting her.

242A. INT. MACNEIL HOUSE FOYER

Chris hears the front door CHIMES. She reacts; waits. They RING again. She goes to answer. She opens door, disclosing Kinderman.

KINDERMAN:
I'm so sorry to dis --

He halts, eyeing her bruise. She knows what he's staring at. She puts a hand to the bruise. He stares for a beat. Then:

KINDERMAN:
Look, I'm sorry to disturb you at this hour of the night, but I'm afraid that I'm going to have to talk to your daughter, Mrs. NacNeil and I'd like to take a look at her room, if you don't mind.

CHRIS:
Regan's bedroom?

KINDERMAN:
Yes, immediately, please. I have a warrant.

CHRIS:
Oh, please, not now! She's gotten worse, Lieutenant. Please! Please, not now!

243. INT. SECONF FLOOR HALL MACNEIL HOUSE NIGHT

Karras enters Regan's bedroom and walks wearily to the chair where he had been sitting beside Merrin. During the above moves:

REGAN-DEMON:
(o.s.)
... would have lost! Would have lost and you <u>knew</u> it, Merrin! <u>Bastard</u>!

244. REGAN ON BED MERRIN

Limp and disjointed, Merrin lies sprawled face-down on floor on far side of bed and beside it. Regan-Demon cranes head over side of bed at him, croaking inchoately with rage and frustration.

245. ANOTHER ANGLE

as Karras rushes to Merrin, kneeling beside him, and turning him over, disclosing bluish coloration of Merrin's face.

REGAN-DEMON:
(o.s.)
Die, will you? Die? Karras, heal him! Heal him! Bring him back that we may finishhhhhh ittttttt!

And now inchoate croakings and moans of rage and frustration from o.s., as Karras feels for Merrin's pulse and in a wrenching, stabbing instnat of anguish realizes that Merrin is dead. Groaning in whisper:

KARRAS:
Ah, God no!

Karras sags back on his heels, an aching moan of grief rising up in his throat as he shuts his eyes fiercely and shakes his head in despair. Then:

KARRAS:
No!

Karras' eyes fix on something on the floor around Merrin: the pill box and a scattering of nitroglycerin pills. Karras begins to gently and tenderly place Merrin's hands on his chest in the form of a cross. An enormous, mucoid glob of yellowish spittle hits the dead man's eye.

246. AT REGAN-DEMON

REGAN-DEMON:
(mocking)
The last rites!

Then it puts back its head and laughs long, and wildly through:

KARRAS:
You son-of-a-bitch! You murdering bastard!

(CONTINUED)

246. CONTD

A projectile stream of VOMIT from O.S. strikes his face, but he is oblivious.

KARRAS:
Yes, you're very good with children! Well, come on! Let's see you try something bigger!

Karras has his hands out like great fleshy hooks, beckoning, challenging.

KARRAS:
Come on! Try me! Take me! Come into me!

246A. AT REGAN-DEMON

In the demonic features now, a trembling, wild-eyes rage; a fearsome struggle over some irresistibly tempting decision that the Demon is fighting against.

247. KARRAS

as he breaks off, his body jerking as if seized suddenly by some inner force alien to him. Yet his features do not change as his hands go to his throat and he struggles to his feet. His actions are those of a man who either has been possessed by or thinks he has been possessed by the Demon, but who also is f fighting for control of his own organism. And now here, suddenly, on a move toward the bed and Regan (who, if she is in SHOT, is unconscious, her face in shadow), Karras' features briefly contort into those of the demon Pazuzu; but then return to normal again on a backward jerk by Karras as:

KARRAS:
No!

The Demon -- in Karras' body -- had moved to kill Regan; but Karras has won control now long enough to reach the window, rip the shutters off their hinges and leap out.

248. EXT. KARRAS HURTLING OUT WINDOW NIGHT

249. ANGLE FROM NEAR REGAN'S BEDROOM DOOR

as Chris, Sharon and Kinderman rush toward us.

250. INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM AT DOOR NIGHT

Chris, Sharon and Kinderman burst in, halt. Sharon rushes forward toward window.

251. AT MERRIN

as Chris rushes to him, kneels down by him, then reacts with shock.

CHRIS:
Sharon! Come here! Quick, come -- !

252. AT SHARON AND KINDERMAN

staring down from window. Hands to sides of face, Sharon is screaming.

252A. P.O.V. AT KARRAS IN STREET BELOW.

253. ANGLE TO INCLUDE CHRIS AND KINDERMAN

as Sharon runs toward door.

CHRIS:
Shar, what is it!

SHARON:
(running out)
Father Karras!

Chris rises and runs trembling toward the window.

254. AT CHRIS AND KINDERMAN FROM EXTERIOR WINDOW

Looking down, Chris freezes at what she sees. Then from behind her, in a small, wan voice calling tearfully:

REGAN:
(o.s.)
Mother?
(Chris half turns her head)
Mother, what's happening?

255. AT CHRIS AND KINDERMAN FROM INTERIOR ROOM

as they turn toward Regan.

REGAN
(o.s.)
Oh, please! Please, come here!

256. AT REGAN

The real Regan, weeping in helpless confusion and fear.

REGAN:
Mother, please! I'm afraid!

257. ANOTHER ANGLE

as Chris rushes forward to Regan, arms outstretched, and weeping:

CHRIS:
Rags! Oh, my baby, my baby!

She is on the bed and embracing her daughter.

258. EXT. "HITCHCOCK" STEPS AREA ON "M" STREET NIGHT
AT GATHERING OF PASSERSBY

at an accident scene. Policeman shepherds them back. DYER, followed by Sharon, is frantically pushing through as:

FIRST PASSERBY:
What happened?

SECOND PASSERBY:
Some guy fell down the steps.

POLICEMAN:
Come on, now, move it back, folks. Give him air. Let him breathe.

Dyer has pushed through almost to Policeman.

DYER:
Let me through, please! Coming through! Coming -- !

259. P.O.V. AT KARRAS

He lies crumpled and twisted in a pool of blood. Dyer kneels to him.

260. AT DYER KARRAS LOW ANGLE

DYER:
Damien ... Can you talk?

Karras slowly and painfully reaches out his hand to Dyer's wrist and grips it, briefly squeezing. Fighting back the tears, Dyer leans his mouth close to Karras' ear.

260. CONTD

DYER:
Do you want to make your confession now, Damien?

Karras squeezes Dyer's wrist.

DYER:
Are you sorry for all of the sins of your life and for having offended almighty God?

A squeeze. And now Dyer leans back and slowly traces the sign of the cross over Karras, reciting the words of absolution:

DYER:
Ego te absolvo in nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.

261. AT DYER

as he again leans over with his mouth close to Karras' ear.

DYER:
Are you -- ?

He halts, slightly turning his head toward his wrist.

262. CLOSE AT DYER'S WRIST

gripped by Karras. The grip slackens, the hand slowly opening, then falling limp.

263. ANGLE AT DYER KARRAS

Slowly and tenderly, Dyer slips the eyelids down as we HEAR the WAILING SIREN of approaching ambulance. Dyer weeps ...

SLOWLY FADE OUT:

FADE IN

264. EXT. FULL SHOT PROSPECT STREET FEATURING THE HOUSE DAY

Sharon exits house carrying a suitcase which she places in trunk of limo parked in front of house.

265. INT. MACNEIL HOUSE CHRIS' BEDROOM DAY

Chris is folding a final item into a suitcase open on her bed as Karl stands by. She closes lid.

CHRIS:
Okay, Karl, that's all of it.

Sharon enters, something clasped in one hand.

SHARON:
Chris, what about those stereo earphones?

CHRIS:
Storage.

Karl, who has closed up suitcase, exits.

SHARON:
Okay, we're all set then. Dulles Airport's pretty far, Chris. You'd best allow an hour.

CHRIS:
Gonna miss you.

SHARON:
Same here, Chris.

CHRIS:
You won't change your mind?

SHARON:
(slight shake of head)
People change.
(she unclasps hand, disclosing Karras' medal and chain which she holds up to Chris)
Here, I found this in her room. It belonged to Father Karras.

Chris, after a pause, takes it from her.

SHARON:
(again glancing at watch)
You'd better hurry.

266. INT. SECOND FLOOR HALL MACNEIL HOUSE DAY

Chris is coming toward Regan's bedroom.

CHRIS:
(calling)
Hey, Rags, how ya comin'?

267. INT. REGAN'S BEDROOM

Looking a little wan and gaunt, dark sacs beneath her eyes, Regan stands by her bed, holding two stuffed animals in her grip as she stares down with indecision and a child's discontent at an over-packed, open suitcase.

CHRIS:
How ya comin', hon? We're late.

REGAN:
There's just not enough room in this thing!

CHRIS:
Well, ya can't take it all, now, sweetheart. Just leave it and Willie'll bring it later on. Come on, babe, we've got to hurry or we're going to miss the plane.

DOORCHIME SOUND

REGAN:
(mildly pouting)
Oh, okay.

CHRIS:
Atta' girl.

Chris exits SCENE, heading for stairs. Regan sighs with resignation, looking down at the animals.

258 INT./EXT. FRONT DOOR AREA MACNEIL HOUSE DAY

Chris is opening door, disclosing Dyer in cassock and Roman collar saying goodbye to Sharon, latter going to limo at curb and getting in as Chris steps outside and:

CHRIS:
Oh, hi, Father.

DYER:
Hi, Chris. Just came by to say 'so long.'

(CONTINUED)

258. CONTD

CHRIS:
I was just about to call. We're just leaving.

DYER:
Going to miss you.

CHRIS:
Me too.

DYER:
How's the girl?

CHRIS:
Oh, she's great, really great.

Karl passes between them with two suitcases heading for Chris' car which is parked in front of house. Dyer nods a little glumly.

DYER:
I'm glad.

CHRIS:
She still can't remember.

DYER:
Well, that's good.

CHRIS:
Funny. He never even knew her.

Dyer looks up, and then so does Chris, their gazes meeting.

DYER:
What do you think happened. Do you think she was really possessed?

CHRIS:
Oh, yeah, you bet I do. I mean, if you're asking if I believe in the Devil, the answer is yes -- yeah, that I believe.

DYER:
But if all of the evil in the world makes you think that there might be a Devil -- then how do you account for all of the good?

Chris' reaction reveals that this is a telling point. Then into SCENE comes Regan, dressed to go.

(CONTINUED)

258. CONTD (1)

REGAN:
Okay, I finished.

CHRIS:
Honey, this is Father Dyer.

REGAN:
Hi, Father.

DYER:
Hi.
(tousles her hair)
All set to go.

Regan has begun to stare oddly up at Dyer's Roman collar, some tugging remembrance in her eyes. Willie passes them with Regan's luggage, which she takes to car to load in trunk.

KARL:
Ready, Mizzes?

CHRIS:
Okay, Karl.
(taking Dyer's hand)
Bye, Father. I'll call you from L.A.

DYER:
Goodbye, Chris.

Suddenly, impulsively, in a quick and unexpected move, Regan reaches up to Dyer, pulls his head down and kisses his cheek; a quick smack. Then, looking puzzled herself at what she has done:

REGAN:
Goodbye.

DYER:
Goodbye, dear.

Chris remembers the medal still in her hand. She offers it to him.

CHRIS:
Oh, I forgot. Here.

Dyer, who instantly recognizes the medal, stares at it a moment. Then:

(CONTINUED)

268. CONTD (2)

DYER:
Why don't you keep it?

A beat. Dyer sees that Chris' eyes are clouding with tears.

DYER:
It's all right, Chris. For him, it's the beginning.

Chris holds his gaze, then nods.

CHRIS:
C'mon, Rags. Gotta hurry.

As Chris and Regan leave FRAME, CAMERA STAYS ON DYER, turning to watch them. Then:

CHRIS:
(o.s., calling)
Bye, Father!

269. P.O.V. AT CAR PULLING AWAY

and moving quickly down Prospect Street.

270. AT DYER WATCHING

Willie goes back inside house. O.S. SOUND OF SQUEAL OF CAR BRAKES.

271. P.O.V. AT SQUAD CAR

Kinderman is emerging, hurrying toward Dyer.

KINDERMAN:
I came to say goodbye.

DYER:
You just missed them.

Kinderman stops. A beat. Then:

KINDERMAN:
How's the girl?

DYER:
She seemed fine.

KINDERMAN:
Ah, that's good. Very good. Well, that's all that's important. Back to business. Back to work. Bye now, Father.

(CONTINUED)

271. CONTD

He turns and takes a step toward the squad car, then stops and turns back to stare speculatively at Dyer.

KINDERMAN:
You go to films, Father Dyer?

DYER:
Sure.

KINDERMAN:
I get passes.
(hesitates for a moment)
In fact, I've got a pass for the 'Crest' tomorrow night. You'd like to go?

DYER:
What's playing?

KINDERMAN:
'Wuthering Heights.'

DYER:
Who's in it?

KINDERMAN:
Heathcliffe, Jackie Gleason, and in the role Catherine Ernshaw, Lucille Ball.

DYER:
(expressionless)
I've seen it.

Kinderman stares limply for a moment, then looks away.

KINDERMAN:
(murmuring)
Another one.

Then Kinderman steps up to the sidewalk, hooks an arm through Dyer's and slowly starts walking him down the street. CAMERA TRACKING FRONT.

KINDERMAN:
(fondly)
I'm reminded of a line in the film Casablanca. At the end Humphrey Bogart says to Claude Rains, 'Louie -- I think this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship.'

272. FIXED REAR SHOT

As Kinderman and Dyer walk away from us.

DYER:
You know, you look a little bit like Bogart.

KINDERMAN:
You noticed.

TO BLACK

TITLES

THE END